Photo Siegel, Cooper, & Co.

Ma li'l white miss I lubs to kiss,
  Tell me yer lubs me, too;
Black picaninnies can't compare
  In any way wid you.

I lubs de darkies at ma home,
  I lubs de massa tall,
I lubs de pretty missis, but
  I lubs yer best ob all.

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Photo *Johnston & Hoffmann.*

MISS MAUDE PEALY, one of the prettiest of the many American actresses who have appeared in this country. She has been playing "Rosamund" to Sir Henry Irving's "Becket" in his recent revival of the play of that name at Drury Lane Theatre.

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SHOOTING FOR THE KING'S PRIZE

Photo Knight.

A Description of the Camp at Aldershot Which is only Erected once a Year, and of How the Shooting for the King's Prize—the Marksman's Blue Riband—is Arranged.

By A. E. Johnson.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.

A BARREN tract of Aldershot's vast heath, desolate, wind-swept, it is only in the month of July that Bisley Common, for one glorious fortnight, comes into its own. Then the passengers on the L.S.W.R. expresses, as they fly southwards through Brookwood Station, catch a fleeting glimpse of Bisley Camp gleaming in the sunlight upon the sombre heath. A picturesque spectacle it is, too; for the rows innumerable of dazzling white tents, ranged with mathematical exactness—here and there a bulging marquee to relieve the monotony of perfect regularity—which make up the canvas city, busy as a hive, and gay beneath wind-fluttered bunting, form as entrancing a scene as the heart of a rifleman can desire.

A brief journey on the branch line from Brookwood plunges the visitor into the thick of the camp. To the right is the grassy avenue which forms, between rows of cool marquees, the main "street" of the bazaar. That way lie the nearest ranges, where the most characteristic, perhaps, of all the many scenes in Bisley's changing panorama is to be witnessed.

Before starting for the ranges, however, it is well to have a look at the "squadding." These are the daily notices to competitors which are posted on the row of big wooden screens in front of the N.R.A. offices. The squadding boards, indeed, are a most interesting feature of Bisley, and in the shade of the big tree close by one can spend a very entertaining half-hour in watching them. Every rifleman in camp looks at the squadding at least once a day, and since the screens stand at the very busiest corner, most men stop as they pass to see if any fresh notice has been posted.

On either side of the bazaar's "street" are ranged the show-tents—shops, if you will—of the gunmakers, armourers, silversmiths, and others who minister to the needs of the rifleman—not forgetting the bookstall where all the usual newspapers and magazines, besides the technical shooting journals and volunteer Service organs, can be obtained. The bazaar presents an animated scene, more especially towards the close of the day, when the ranges are being gradually deserted and the "street" is thronged with men returning to camp.

Visitors and civilians mingle with competitors of the regular and volunteer forces, but though one of the latter may often be in mufti, he is generally unmistakable. His conversation, if overheard by chance, is phrased mysteriously, and, to the layman, unintelligibly, for there is no keener talker of

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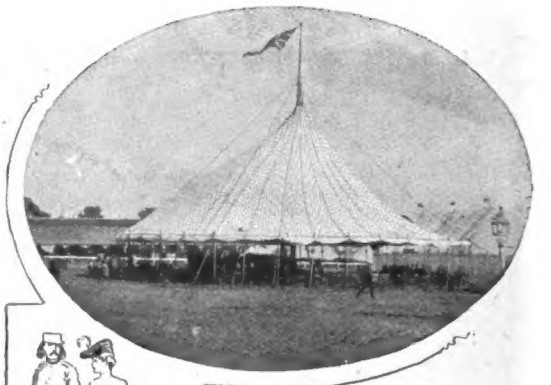
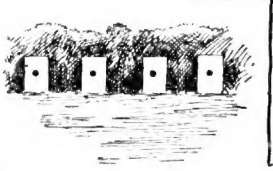
"shop" than the shooting man. His appearance alone, however, is sufficient to proclaim him. Even without his rifle, there will be a white peaked shooting cap stuck on the back of his head; or, pushed up on his forehead, a pair of spectacles—properly known as "orthoptics"—whereof one eye is apparently blocked out; to say nothing of a certain free-and-easiness about the style of his clothes, which bear also very evident marks of rifle-oil and fouling.

Here and there in the bazaar one meets a uniformed range-officer, with cheek scorched and nose peeled from his day-long exposure, at the firing point, to the blazing sun; or a squad of markers—stout, beefy little "Tommies," with brown and grinning faces, marching quickly by on their way from the butts. Range-officers, markers, and register-keepers are all drawn from regular troops detailed by the authorities for the purpose.



The Umbrella Tent, at which all meetings and entertainments are held.

The main "street" of the bazaar, where shops that minister to the needs of riflemen are to be found.



Bisley Camp varies, of course, from day to day. It has its "big" days, its "fashionable" days, and its ordinary days. In the main, however, its aspect is always the same and here, as one reaches the end of the bazaar, is its most characteristic scene. Before one lies the "Century Range," so called by reason of its hundred targets, but still known familiarly by its sobriquet of the days before an extra ten were added, the "Ninety Butt."

A competition, we will suppose, is in progress. To the left, as we leave the bazaar, stretches the long and high bank against which stands the mile-long row of targets.

To the right is the dense throng of spectators, range-officers, register-keepers, and the like, massed behind the firing-line, and almost concealing from view the prostrate competitors. At regular distances across the broad intervening space are planted the tall staffs, aloft on which the range flags tug and strain at the halliards in the breeze, or droop in the sultry stillness. The air is filled with the rattle of irregular rifle fire, and the targets bob up and down with confusing frequency. High over

The "squadding" boards, on which notices to competitors are posted daily.

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The "Century Range," which has a hundred targets. It is still known as the "Ninety Butt," a name it received before the extra ten targets were added.

all, on an eminence behind the butts, stand the clock-tower and the black signal drum which, hoisted at the mast-head, signifies that shooting is in progress.

Unless standing directly behind the firing-point it is impossible to tell at what particular target a competitor is firing. Even then it would not be easy, without stooping down behind him to look along his barrel, but that beside each man is a peg bearing a number corresponding with that of his target. Beside each competitor, too, sits a register-keeper, protected from the fierce rays of the Bisley sun by a huge umbrella fixed to his chair, who notes down the score upon the board beside him, as each hit is signalled from the butts.

The range-officers on duty walk up and down the line, supervising matters generally; while behind the ropes stretched for the whole length of the butts, are massed the spectators, some of them friends of the competitors, some riflemen temporarily disengaged and interested in their comrades' luck, some watching out of mere curiosity.

After each shot there is a momentary pause. Then the target disappears, and in its place there rises into view a skeleton framework, in one quarter of which is fixed a black panel; and according to the position of the latter the marksman learns whether he

The Clock Tower and Signal Drum (on the right). When the drum is hoisted to the masthead, it signifies that shooting is in progress.

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has scored a "bull," "inner," "magpie," or "outer." A "miss" is not shown at all, but a "ricochet," which means that the bullet has struck the ground before reaching the target, is duly signalled.

Should a competitor fail, after firing a shot, to get a hit signalled, it is open to him, on paying a fee of 2s. 6d., to challenge the marking. This means that the target will be lowered for examination by the officer on duty in the butts. Should it be found that a hit has been made, its value is then signalled and credited to the competitor's score; but in the reverse case, the half-crown fee is forfeited.

Communication between butts and firing-point is held by means of the telephone, neat field instruments, erected on stands, being noticeable at frequent intervals along the firing line. From a range-officer the present writer heard an entertaining story of a true conversation which took place over the wires on the occasion of a visit to Bisley of Earl Roberts. The latter, making a tour of the ranges, desired to ask some questions of the officer in one of the butts. He rang him up, and began his catechism. The officer at the other end duly replied, not knowing of course to whom he was speaking, but presently began to lose patience at the persistence with which "Bobs" plied his questions.

"Look here," he said at length, "who are *you ?*"

"I'm Earl Roberts," said the Commander-in-Chief (as he then was).

"Oh, go home," came the disgusted answer in incredulous tones, "I've got Sir Evelyn Wood down here."

Ashburton Day is the fashionable day of the Bisley Meeting. This is the second Thursday in July, when the various public school events are set down for competition. Chief of these is the Ashburton Shield, presented in 1861 by Lord Ashburton, which is shot for by teams of eight from those public schools which possess volunteer cadet corps. A most interesting scene the old Ninety Butt presents while this match is in progress. It is one of the conditions of the competition that the boys shoot in uniform, and a touch of colour, wonderfully picturesque, is given thereby.

Huge blackboards decorated with the school colours, and bearing the school arms chalked with very varying skill at their head, show the progress of each team's score; and tense indeed is the excitement, as the last pair lie down to shoot, amongst the partisans of the schools with leading scores. Sometimes the fate of the Shield hangs on the issue of one shot; and steady must be the nerves of the boy who, with the knowledge of it, can add another to his string of "bulls," without dropping to the ignominy of a "magpie" or "outer."

Then there are, beside the Ashburton Shield, the Spencer Cup and the Cadets' Trophy, to be shot for respectively by a single representative of each team, and a pair of cadets *not* included in the eight shooting for the Shield; while later in the evening teams of five Old Boys do battle for the Public Schools Veterans' Trophy. Ashburton Day is quite the gayest of all in the Bisley calendar. Old Boys come down in numbers to see the latest representatives of the old school uphold her honour; and ladies, too, grace the sun-scorched heath with their presence.

Some considerable distance away, beyond the Century Range, are further butts, used for various competitions which require special conditions. Here, for instance, the teams of "Mounted Scouts" are pitted against each other. An entertaining competition this to watch: the men having to mount, gallop off to the ranges, fire their rounds, and return, full tilt, together. The general idea which it is endeavoured to carry out is that a small force of cavalry is ordered to gallop to an important point, and from successive positions to check advancing infantry, keeping its movements and successive positions concealed from the enemy.

From these distant butts the tramway is a convenient means of returning to the seat of the camp.

Quite an institution of Bisley is the camp tramway, with its ridiculous little locomotive, puffing and panting, and a most curiously mixed assemblage of Bisley "characters" may always be met on the open seats behind.

Back again at the squadding boards, there is plenty to pass the time. Opposite the entrance to the camp are the permanent offices of the N.R.A., in which the multifarious business of the camp is transacted—a handsome pile of buildings surmounted by an effigy in miniature of the famous "running deer" target, which serves the purpose of a weather-vane.

The history of the National Rifle Association may be summed up in a very few words. Formed in 1860—the year following the renascence of the volunteer force—with the object of encouraging rifle shooting as a national pastime, the influential position which

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Public School boys competing for the Ashburton Shield.

it has attained is a matter of common knowledge that need not be enlarged upon. Bisley Camp, indeed, is the marksman's Mecca, and every year since the N.R.A. built its ranges there (Wimbledon, which served for thirty years, having become too populated) the annual entries have steadily increased.

On the left are the various dining-rooms, canteens, and stores which are comprised in the refreshment pavilion, while beyond, to the left of the broad path leading to the long-distance ranges of the Stickledown Butts, the huge umbrella-tent, which serves as concert room, church, public hall, and general meeting place to the camp, flaps and bulges gently in the breeze.

Range-officers at the telephones, by means of which they communicate with the butts.

Close by is the Exhibition Tent, in which the prizes are displayed. Very splendid some of them are, magnificent specimens—the China Cup, for instance, with its wonderfully grotesque dragons—of the silversmith's art.

Pleasantly shaded by the trees near at hand are the bungalows of well-known members of the N.R.A. and the various clubhouses. There is even club accommodation for ladies, for fair markswomen are by no means unknown at Bisley. Miss Winifred Louise Leale was the first lady to compete at Bisley with the Service weapon. That was in 1891, when she came over with a team of Jersey riflemen.

Away beyond the pavilion, upon the far side of the branch railway line, lie the camps proper—the tents, that is, in which the army of competitors is accommodated. Thus there is the members' camp, in which a competitor, if a member of the N.R.A., can obtain a tent; the regimental inclosures, which are placed at the disposal of such volunteer corps as are represented at the meeting by a detachment of men; and the N.R.A. camp, to which the rank and file of individual

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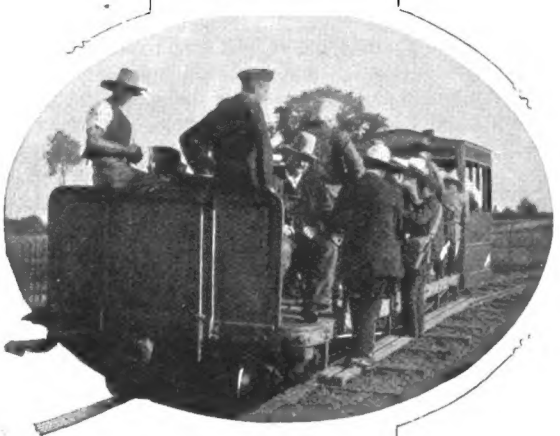
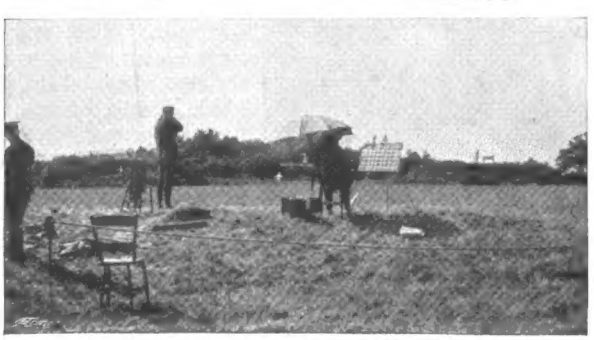
riflemen are detailed — three men to each tent.

There are, besides, the Staff Camp, the Range Officers' Camp, and the Military Camp, in which the officers and troops of the regular forces employed in the numerous duties of the meeting are accommodated. A few competitors are lodged in huts, or wee bungalows, but these are few in number, and the tenancy of them is not too easy to secure.

Bearing leftward across the grass one comes across the big Council Club, with the flag-pole beside it, and the drum which is hoisted when the Council is sitting. In the hollow below is the Members' Camp, and, just beyond, the Revolver and Running Deer ranges. These latter offer to the lay visitor special amusement.

At the revolver ranges one may see shooting extraordinary sometimes—when such marvellous experts as Mr. Walter Winans, for instance, are practising—and incidentally learn a good deal that is surprising about a very difficult weapon. At the running deer and the running man the marksman has to take "pot shots." A big embankment is raised at either end of the butt, from one or other of which the life-size target of deer or man emerges, to move at uniform pace across the intervening distance.





1. Contestants in the Mounted Scouts' Competition.
2. The Camp Tramway.
3. The Running Man and Deer Target—to be seen on the horizon.

The principle is the same as that adopted in the shooting gallery of a fair, save that to hit a running man or deer at one hundred yards' range with a heavy Service or sporting rifle is a very different thing from bowling over a cardboard rabbit at ten yards with an air-gun.

The King, by the way, had a shot at the running deer in 1864, when, as Prince of Wales, he visited the N.R.A. camp at Wimbledon with his bride. Loyal sportsmen will be glad to know that he hit it in the chest and scored a bull's eye.

From the Revolver and Runing Deer Ranges

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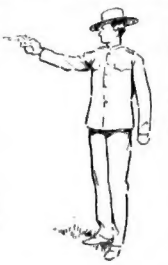
it is only a short distance to the Stickledown Butts, over which the long-range matches, up to a thousand yards or more, are decided. Here, amidst breathless excitement, the final shots of the competition for the King's Prize are fired.

The King's Prize, which is open to volunteers and retired volunteers, demands special mention, however; for the King's Prize, as all the world knows, is the Blue Riband of Bisley, and the number of entries each year is tremendous. Naturally, the interest taken in the shooting is widespread and keen, for it is hardly too much to say that the competitors represent the best marksmen of the Empire.

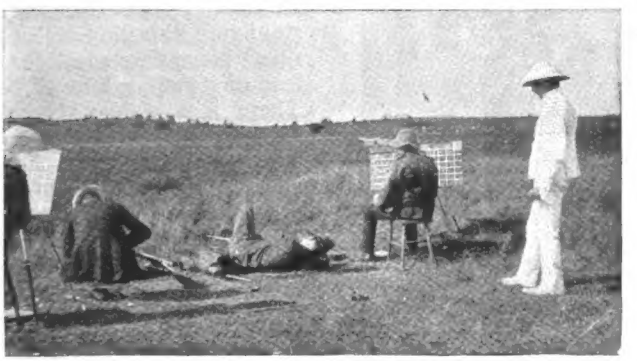
It may be objected, of course, that the fact of the competition being confined to volunteers must exclude many first-rate marksmen, but, on the other hand, it can be asserted that, the regular Army excepted, the front rank rifle-shots who neither are nor have been volunteers could be counted almost on the fingers of two hands.

At the revolver range, where wonderful shooting is sometimes seen.



petition is fired in three stages. For the highest scorer in the first stage there is the N.R.A. bronze medal and badge, and he, with the 299 next highest scorers, enters upon the second stage. On the aggregate scores made in both first and second stages by these 300 depends the choice of the King's Hundred, who compete in the last stage. The scorer, too, of the highest aggregate in the first and second stages wins the N.R.A. silver medal and badge.

The last day of the Bisley Meeting sees the conclusion of the tussle at the Stickledown Ranges. Excitement is in the air, but only the shooting-man and the *habitué* of the camp can appreciate the surging hopes and fears which the prostrate marksman, so steadily taking aim at the wee specks of targets, half-a-mile away, conceals beneath an impassive exterior; or understand the feverish restlessness with which the spectators run up and down the line of scoring-



Long range shooting. Marksmen lying on their backs.

Long range shooting. Marksmen lying on their fronts.

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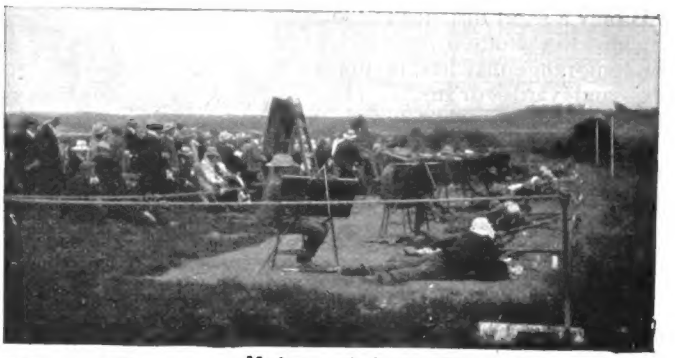
boards, make hurried calculations and comparisons on pencilled scraps of paper, and finally mass anxiously round the point where some leading competitor—the silver medallist, perhaps — is making deliberate preparations for his last shot.

The firing over at the 800 yards range, the company troops back another hundred yards, and the same scene is enacted while the competitors get off their ten rounds at 900 yards.



Marksmen who have qualified to shoot for the King's Prize at the last range.

ever, the number of possible winners is reduced, till at length but two are left in. One of these finishes. His opponent has yet one shot to go, and needs an "inner" or a "bull." But his last two shots were "magpies," and there is sickening fear amongst his friends lest he may fail to find the centre of the target. There is hushed silence as all eyes are riveted on the still figure with the levelled rifle. None dare speak for fear of "putting him off." There is a sudden bang as the cartridge explodes. The spectators gasp involuntarily, and anxious eyes strain to see the target. For a moment it remains

Chairing last year's winner of the King's Prize—Private Perry, of Canada.

Then back again to the last range—1000 yards.

Tense silence everywhere. An unintelligent foreigner might think a mere "friendly" match depended on the shots being blazed away now. The observant stranger, however, would notice a strained, anxious look on the faces of the watchers and register-keepers. The marksmen, indeed, seem the only unconcerned folk present.

Coming back from the 900 yards range, it has been found that the issue lies between some half-dozen, and to and from their scoring-boards the shifting spectators oscillate uncertainly. One by one, how-

Mounted orderly delivering messages from N.R.A. offices to the range-officer.

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stationary. Not a miss, surely? No; down it bobs. An infinitesimal pause—it seems an eternity—and up pops the skeleton frame with the black panel filling the right-hand bottom corner.

A bull's-eye! A terrific cheer rends the air, and the King's Prizeman, almost before he has realised his success, finds himself overwhelmed by a sudden rush. A hundred hands seize him, swing him aloft, and dump him into the chair which is in waiting. Hoisted shoulder-high, he is borne off in triumph to the camp. As the procession nears the bazaar a band meets it, and to the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," the King's Prizeman, clutching his rifle, and maintaining an uneasy balance in the swaying chair, makes a tour of the camp, receiving the universal cheers and plaudits with a foolish grin, but a blushing and radiantly happy face.

Later on in the day, the camp assumes a gala aspect. Distinguished visitors come by train and motor-car, a guard of honour is mounted, and finally the guests of the day—Royalty, perhaps, in the person of the Prince of Wales, president of the N.R.A., accompanied by the Princess—arrive. Under the ample folds of the umbrella tent a brilliant company is assembled, and the platform is massed with a wonderful array of prizes. The Prince, with his clear, straightforward delivery, makes a speech, and alludes to the pleasure with which, not only marksmen, but the whole country, welcome the riflemen from the Colonies, and refers in graceful terms to the personality of the King's Prizeman.

Then the long procession of prize-winners begins. Each man passes before the platform, salutes, and receives his trophy from the hands of the Prince. That ceremony over, the Royal party leaves the tent, and when the Prince has inspected the guard of honour, repairs to the Council Club for tea, after which the Royal guests take their departure. By nightfall the camp is almost deserted, and within a few days the canvas city is dismantled.

1. A close finish for the King's Prize. Spectators anxiously waiting for the result of the last shot to be signalled.
2. The Prince of Wales inspecting the guard of honour.

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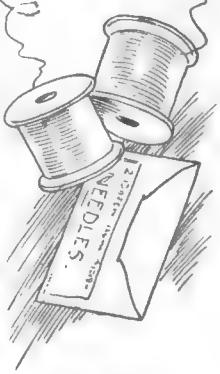
THE COMPLETE DRAPER



The draper's so polished he puts us to shame
With his courteous and elegant brightness;
He waits on the rudest, most ill-mannered dame,
And will show her a lot of politeness.
Though she stands by his counter and orders thereat
Not a thing he can wrap up in paper,
As it's cheap, she'll permit him to serve her with that,
For so very polite is the draper!

His customers come without meaning to buy,
They disparage his ribbons and laces,
Turn over his stock with a critical eye
And with dubious frowns on their faces.
They won't buy so much as a penn'orth of pins,
They may each prove a profitless gaper;
Yet he'll wrap up his thoughts in the sweetest of grins,
So discreetly polite is the draper!

He climbs to bring bargains from uppermost shelves,
Though his patrons, he knows, will not buy them,
Or he under his counter obligingly delves
After remnants that can't satisfy them.
At such times the mildest of milliners might
Let a petulant murmur escape her;
But he utters no hint that's at all impolite,
For so strictly polite is the draper!

Though you may match his custom, his manner, no doubt,
Is perfection—I own it with head bare;
Like his goods, his politeness shall never wear out
Till the smile he is wearing is threadbare.
He will thank you for nothing, so long as you'll stop,
For, precise as a bower and scraper,
He won't speak his mind—*till you're out of the shop*,
So supremely polite is the draper!

A. St. J. A.

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By Victor L. Whitechurch.

I.—PETER CRANE'S CIGARS.

A slight, delicate-looking man, with pale face and refined features, light red hair, and dreamy blue eyes.

Such is a brief description of Thorpe Hazell, book-collector and railway enthusiast, a gentleman of independent means, whose knowledge of book editions and bindings was only equalled by his grasp of railway details.

At least two railway companies habitually sought his expert advice in the bewildering task of altering their time-tables, while from time to time he was consulted in cases where his special railway knowledge proved of immense service, and his private note-book of such "cases" would have provided much interesting copy to publishers.

He had one other peculiarity. He was a strong faddist on food and "physical culture." He carried vegetarianism to an extreme, and was continually practising various "exercises" of the strangest description, much to the bewilderment of those who were not personally acquainted with his eccentricities.

With this brief introduction of the man, it is proposed to set forth, for the first time, a selection of railway "cases" in which he played a more or less prominent part.

* * * * *

"I tell you I only paid fivepence each for them."

Harry Brett took the cigar from his customer's hand, looked critically at it, smelt it, and then shook his head decidedly.

"Can't be done!" he said, "must be a fake."

"Unroll it—you're welcome."

The young tobacconist broke the cigar in half, rubbed the leaves between his palms, and examined them carefully.

"Ye—es," he admitted, "it's right enough. Same leaf all through."

"What did I tell you?"

Harry Brett turned round, reached for a box on a shelf, took it down, and selected a cigar, which he compared with the fragments lying on his counter.

"Same brand," he said at length. "But

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"It's all very well," he said, "but I tell you it can't be done."

I can't make it out at all. Now, I can't afford to sell these under sixpence each, or sevenpence from a broken box, and even then the profit's a mere nothing. You must have got these over the water, Mr. Wilson?"

"No, I didn't."

"You couldn't have bought 'em retail at the price."

"I did, though."

"What, at a shop?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In this town."

"In Netherton?"

"Exactly."

"By George! Who was it, Mr. Wilson?"

"Well, at Crane's, if you want to know. There's no secret about it."

Harry Brett brought down his fist on the counter with a bang that made the scales rattle. The mention of Crane's name had evidently upset him.

"It's all very well," he said, "but I tell you it can't be done. Either Crane's a bigger fool than I took him for, or he means having you in the end, and is only running this sort of thing to advertise his business. Why, he hardly knows anything about the trade; he's only been in it six months. You're welcome to buy them, Mr. Wilson, of course. *I* can't do them at the price."

"Well," returned the customer, "I'm a bit of a judge of a weed, and if he begins palming off inferior stuff he won't impose on me. But till then I'll save my money and deal with him. But, as he makes no reduction in other goods, I'll take a tin of my usual mixture from you."

"Oh, go and get your baccy where you buy your cigars," exclaimed Harry Brett, who had been working himself up into quite a rage. "I don't hold with all this underselling business, nor with those who encourage it. Good morning, sir!"

Mr. Wilson smiled slightly at the young man's outburst of passion, shrugged his shoulders, and walked out of the shop.

Harry Brett leant on the counter with his elbows, gazing angrily at the fragments of the object which had upset him so much. He had been a tobacconist from boyhood upwards, having begun to work in his father's shop ever since leaving school, and since his father's death, three years previously, he had come into the business. It was not a very large one, but it was well established, and had many old customers. And Harry himself had been calculating for some little time that there was profit enough out of the shop to

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support two, besides which he had a very distinct notion of the choice of a partner.

But for the last three months certain things had troubled him. His takings had grown distinctly less, and certain customers had become irregular. And it was a curious coincidence that these troubles had begun to date from the time when Peter Crane had opened a rival business in Netherton, with an announcement that during the first week he would give away a "tip-top cigar" with every quarter of a pound of tobacco purchased.

It was galling, inasmuch as this Peter Crane had nothing to recommend him. Netherton knew him as a ne'er-do-well, turning up every now and again at his widowed mother's, who kept a small confectionery shop in the town. He had cleared one window of this shop of its contents, and substituted the fragrant weed in its various forms, and, as often as not, his mother dispensed these goods, for there were intervals during which Peter Crane himself seemed to abandon his new trade.

"Well, Brett," said a quiet voice, suddenly, "you seem wrapped in thought. What is puzzling you? Half a minute, please, before you answer. It is time for my mid-day exercise."

Brett looked up at Thorpe Hazell, who had entered without noise, and now stood before him twirling his arms rapidly round his head and then suddenly thrusting them out in front. Hazell lived at Netherton, but had a little bachelor flat in town, where he spent a good deal of his time. He was a regular customer of Brett, who knew his little eccentricity.

When he had finished Brett told him about the cigar and his suspicions. Hazell leant on the counter and listened attentively.

"I know this young Crane," he remarked, "and I'm afraid he doesn't bear the best of characters. Of course, this affects your trade?"

"It does, sir, to a certain extent."

"Do you suspect anything?"

"Well, sir, I hardly like to say. This particular brand of cigar can be picked up very cheaply in Holland or Belgium, and if they could be got over without the duty I could understand it."

"You think it's a question for the Revenue officials?"

"Oh, *I'm* not going to put them on his track," said Brett scornfully. "There's honour in trade as in other things. Besides which, if there were nothing in it I should pose as a spiteful sort of chap, and it would be all the worse for me."

"I see. You've excited my curiosity, Brett. Well, I want some cigarettes of the usual brand—thank you. If you hear anything about Crane's movements you might let me know. And, by the way, don't talk about the thing. Good morning."

On his way home he called in at Crane's shop. Here he made a trifling purchase. Mrs. Crane served him.

"H'm," he muttered to himself as he regained the street. "That collarette of hers was genuine Brussels lace. I wonder whether Brett's suspicions are correct. It may be a case worth investigating."

Netherton was about twenty-five miles from London, on the Mid-Southern and Eastern Railway, and Thorpe Hazell constantly ran up to town. On this particular evening he was due at a meeting at Kensington.

He had scarcely taken his seat in the train when a young man came in and sat opposite. Hazell glanced at him over his paper, and recognised him as Peter Crane. He remembered Brett's little difficulty for a moment, but dismissed the subject as he resumed his paper.

Now, when the train drew up at the London terminus of the Mid-Southern and Eastern Railway, Hazell did not hurry himself in the least. He was not due at Kensington just yet, so he determined to wait till the departure of the Continental train. There were many things to interest him. The type of engine running, the number of coaches—dozens of details that are only apparent to the enthusiast on railway matters.

He was standing on the platform, taking in these various things, when he suddenly caught sight of Crane going into the Continental booking-office. An impulse seized him, and a moment or two later he was standing close behind the tobacconist, overhearing him ask for a return ticket to Gantes. He began to be interested.

"Now," he reasoned to himself as he went out of the station and took a hansom, "there's evidently a bit of clever smuggling going on here. Let's think. A return ticket. *How* does he get the cigars through? How does he bring them back? Seems to me there's a chance of a railway mystery here. Of course, it may be on the boat, but I shouldn't think so. I'll have a look into this. There's any amount of frontier smuggling on Continental railways, I know. I once saw half a hundredweight of tobacco fixed under a passenger coach on the St. Gothard, and beautifully run through Chiasso. This may be well worth investigating."

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Once having made up his mind, Hazell lost no time in making further inquiries as soon as he returned to Netherton, the result being that he ascertained that Crane had a regular date in the month for absenting himself from home.

And so it happened that the next time the latter took a return ticket to Gantes, Thorpe Hazell, disguised in a black wig, and looking very much like a commercial traveller, was already seated in the Continental train, booked through to the same destination. He had his eyes wide open, and had already taken in the fact that Crane's luggage consisted of a fair-sized brown Gladstone, and a very large black kit bag.

Hazell kept well out of Crane's way all the journey, for he knew very well that it was the return trip only that demanded careful scrutiny. So he snatched what sleep he could. They reached Gantes in the small hours of the morning, and Hazell noticed that Crane put the kit bag in the cloak-room, after which he proceeded to an adjacent hotel, a porter carrying his Gladstone.

Hazell, whose luggage was quite small, looked about him, noticed a hotel just opposite, rang up the sleepy night-porter, and took a front room, so that he could command the entrance of Crane's hotel. Instead of undressing, he opened his bag, changed into a tourist's knickerbocker suit, and then lay down on his bed with a determination not to sleep more than a couple of hours.

At daybreak he was at his window, keeping careful watch. An hour or two passed, and then his patience was rewarded. Crane came out of the hotel, smoking a cigar and suspecting nothing.

The next minute Hazell was in the street, following his prey to the station. He lounged into the booking-office in time to hear Crane take a return ticket to Antburg.

Then he inquired of the booking-clerk casually whether one could take a return to Antburg and come back the next day.

"No, monsieur, tickets are only available for one day."

He shrugged his shoulders lazily, for he never believed in taking too much trouble over anything. It was clear that Crane would be back in Gantes that day. The only thing was to find out whether he took his black bag with him. He did.

"Now," said Hazell to himself, as he went back to his hotel, "that young man is precious shrewd. It's pretty clear he's gone over to Antburg to get his goods—there isn't a better place in Northern Europe for getting them—probably out of bond, too. But why does he take this route? It's a roundabout way to get to Antburg. I know. He works the trick on the Mid-Southern and Eastern, and the other line won't do. It's well worth finding out, but I can't do anything yet."

He had his breakfast, strolled round the town, and finally came back to his room. He had jotted down the times of trains returning from Antburg.

Then he settled himself to perform a "nerve-strengthening" exercise, which consisted of lying down on the flat of his back and holding a tumbler of water, filled to the brim, over his head for ten minutes at a time, the object being not to spill a drop of it. He entirely abstracted himself from the object in hand, except at such times as Antburg trains were due, when he got up and carefully watched the street leading from the station.

In the afternoon Crane appeared once more and entered his hotel. Then Hazell paid his bill, went to the station, and waited for the train back to England. He was keen and alert now. If that black bag, which he surmised was in the cloak-room, contained cigars, he was particularly anxious to see how the Customs were evaded.

Exactly in accordance with his surmises, Peter Crane came down to the station in time for the afternoon boat train.

And this is what he did. He took the black bag out of the cloak-room and *registered it through to London*. That meant that until the bag reached London he could not possibly get at it, and then he would have to open it in the presence of the Customs' officials, through registered luggage being examined there, and not at Dovehaven. The brown bag, which appeared to be heavy, he took in the train with him.

Thorpe Hazell began to be mystified. Assuming the bag to be filled with cigars, he could see no way in which they could be brought through free of duty. He watched the luggage being taken on the boat at Ozende, but Crane was absolutely regardless, and had thrown himself on a saloon berth, and was sleeping almost immediately, his brown bag beside him.

At Dovehaven the examination of hand luggage took place, and Hazell had squeezed himself close beside Crane in order that he might see what was in the brown bag. There was nothing suspicious. It contained quite a pile of books and articles of clothing, a pink shirt being rather conspicious.

As soon as the examination was over

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Crane turned to the porter who was carrying the bag.

"Put that in the van," he said. "Label it for London. I shan't want it in the carriage with me."

Hazell, still wondering, now went up to the guard's van and watched the luggage being put in, both of Crane's bags being among them. The guard himself was busily engaged helping the porters, as the boat was rather late, and he was anxious to get off.

"Now then, sir, are you going on? Take your seat, please. Right away!"

A shrill whistle, a wave of the green lamp, and the train was off, the next stop being the London terminus.

"Curious," said Hazell to himself as he took a packet of plasmon chocolate and a flask of milk out of his bag and proceeded to "dine." "Perhaps I'm wrong, after all. Ah!"—as a thought struck him—"well, we'll wait till we get to town."

A couple of hours later that night the train drew up at the London terminus, having, of course, run through Netherton without a stop. Behind the long barrier stood a number of Custom House officials waiting to examine the registered luggage before it was passed through. Hazell watched by the guard's van until Crane's two bags were deposited on the platform. Crane took charge of the brown one himself, and a porter followed him with the black one to the examination counter. Hazell stood a little behind, eagerly awaiting the result.

"Anything to declare, sir? Tobacco, scent, cigars?"

"No—nothing."

"Open your bag, please."

"Certainly."

He unlocked the large black bag and threw it open. Hazell bent forward. And he caught a glimpse of a pink shirt—and books.

The black bag contained the identical articles that he had seen in the brown bag at Dovehaven.

A solution struck him. Glancing round he saw a platform inspector whom he knew. Rushing up to him he exclaimed, in a whisper:

"Jarvis—I'm Mr. Hazell—look here."

"Lor', sir, I shouldn't have known you. I——"

"Hush. Don't let on, man. Quick; you see that fellow in the light overcoat doing up his bag. Get one of those officers to examine the brown bag by his side. Sharp!"

The next moment Jarvis was behind the counter and had spoken a word to the official. Crane had just strapped up his bag and was moving off. Hazell had darted away.

"Sir—one moment."

"What is it?"

"That other bag. I want to see it."

"It's not registered luggage. It was examined at Dovehaven. Here's the chalk mark on it."

"Never mind. Open it, please."

"Oh! very well," replied Crane with a laugh, laying it down on the counter and unstrapping it. "Here you are."

The official looked inside, his face burst into a smile.

"All right, sir!" he exclaimed, "that's soon settled."

Jarvis, who was standing by, smiled too. A minute later Hazell accosted him.

"Well," he asked, "what was inside that bag?"

"Nothing, sir. It was *empty!*"

"Empty was it? Oh! please say nothing about this, Jarvis."

He went into the refreshment-room, ordered a cup of coffee, lit a cigarette, and sat down to think it over. For once in his life he was completely baffled. It had seemed quite simple to him as he came up in the train, and he had thought that the opening of the brown portmanteau would prove the solution of the enigma. After a while a plan of action developed in his mind, and he went out of the refreshment-room. Jarvis was still on the platform.

"Jarvis," he said. "I don't want it known that I came up by the boat train to-night."

"Very well, sir."

Jarvis knew of more than one railway mystery in which Thorpe Hazell had been involved, and was to be trusted.

"Thought you'd caught a bit of smuggling, sir?" he asked.

"Oh!" drawled Hazell, "I was a little suspicious, that was all. Capital run up to-night."

"Yes, sir. Bob Nobes is a good driver."

"Ah! The guard was smart with the luggage at Dovehaven."

"John Crane, sir? Yes. He's one of our best guards. Runs this train in regular shifts."

Hazell's eyes sparkled for a moment.

"You—er—didn't see what became of that young man?"

"Yes, sir. Got into the train on No. 2 platform."

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"Ah, that's mine, I believe, to Netherton. Good-night, Jarvis."

He got into the train, a smile of satisfaction on his face. He meant to master this little mystery.

* * * * *

A couple of days later he was buying cigarettes.

"Oh, by-the-way, Brett," he said, "I think I can promise you that your hated rival will shortly shut up shop."

"Indeed, sir! Well, I shouldn't be sorry. I've lost half my trade in cigars."

"Ah! Oh, I say, Brett, there's a fellow named John Crane—something on the line. Know him?"

"Peter's cousin, sir."

"I see. Well, keep your mouth shut, and let me know when Crane goes away from home. I think we might have quite a little bit of fun then."

Three or four weeks later Thorpe Hazell received a note from Brett. In answer to it he wrote:

"Come round to my house to-morrow at about 8 p.m. Bring a great coat."

The tobacconist duly turned up, and found Hazell in his study.

"Sit down, Brett. Have some toast and water. No? Well, then, take one of your own cigarettes."

"Thank you, sir."

"I ordered the dog-cart for 8.30," went on Hazell. "We have quite a drive before us. That's why I mentioned your great coat."

"What are we going to do, sir?"

"You'll see all in good time."

They were soon bowling along the high road in the opposite direction from that of London. Hazell had the reins, and was not disposed to be communicative. After they had gone about seven or eight miles, Hazell turned down a by-road.

"You know where this leads, Brett?"

"Across Pinkney's Common, sir."

"Exactly."

Presently he said:

"There are the lights of the main line signals?"

"Yes, sir."

A couple of red lights stood out in the blackness of the sky.

"And there's the level crossing?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. We'll put our lamps out."

He drew up to perform the operation.

"Good, and now we're going to drive on the grass across the common. And don't speak above a whisper, please."

They drew nearer the line. On their left, where the road crossed the railway, the bright light of the gatekeeper's-box was discernible. Presently Hazell pulled up.

"We'll tie the cob to this tree," he whispered. "That's right. We shan't have long to wait."

"It's a lonely place," said Brett.

"Quite so. We don't want to go close up to the line. This will do. It's the up-train we want."

Wondering what was going to happen, Brett waited.

Presently Hazell said: "Here she comes. Those are her headlights. Now you watch what happens. Keep your eyes open."

A white light above a green appeared in the distance, and grew brighter every moment. Then there was a roar as the approaching express bore down upon them. The train was running on a slight embankment, and they could see along its whole length.

"Look!" said Brett suddenly, "one of the doors is open—in the last carriage."

"Exactly. The guard's van, Brett. There he stands. Look out! Ah! There's a pretty little smuggling dodge for you."

As the train swept by they could distinctly see the guard silhouetted against the light in his van. He appeared to be leaning out of his door, holding some large and heavy object. The next moment he had dropped this on to the soft turf of the embankment. As the train rushed by the crossing, a green light appeared for a moment, held out of the guard's van, and turned towards the rear of the train.

"Now," exclaimed Hazell, "we'll just wait and see what happens. First of all, we'll get as close as we can to that package—ah!—here it is. A convenient bush to hide us, too. He's coming, Brett!"

A man, carrying a lantern, came with a limping gait from the box at the level-crossing. Every now and then he paused, as if looking for something. Presently he gave a grunt of satisfaction as the light fell on a package lying on the grass.

He was just about to pick it up when Hazell stepped forward and said, very quietly:

"How much do you get for your share in this little transaction, my man?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the other, dropping his lantern in his fright. Hazell picked it up and turned it on him.

"Ah, you've a wooden leg, I see. No use to try to run. I suppose you were to keep this little lot till Crane came for them?"

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"Good Lord!" exclaimed the other, dropping his lantern in his fright.

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"I believe you dropped them out of your van-some weeks ago—just by Pinkney's Common crossing."

"Don't—don't be hard on me, sir. I don't know nothin' about the contents—I—I—if you split to the company, sir, I'd lose my post."

Hazell laughed.

"Answer my first question, man. How much do you get out of this?"

"Ten bob a time," faltered the delinquent.

"Poor pay for the risk! How long has Crane been running this?"

"Six or seven months, sir."

"I see. Well, I'm afraid he won't find this little lot to-morrow. You can tell him when he comes for them that we've forestalled him. I should advise you to get your half-sovereign out of him before you tell him. And you can also add that if he wants to get them again he'd better call at Somerset House. Good-night—here's your lantern."

"I shall lose my post, sir."

"Not this time. You may think yourself lucky, though. Here, Brett, give me a hand with this parcel."

They carried the bundle, which was securely corded in thick American cloth, to the trap, and drove home. An hour or so later they were sitting in Hazell's study.

"I think we're entitled to one each before I send them to the Customs," said Hazell, selecting a cigar. "Now, how much do you think he cleared out of this lot?"

Brett looked at the four dozen boxes.

"Well, sir, if he got them, as you say, at Antburg, I can pretty well guess the price he paid. He ought to have saved quite twenty-five pounds in duty—very likely more. Altogether, the run was worth at least fifty pounds. But how did you find it out, sir?"

Hazell told him of his journey to Gantes and of the Customs examination in London.

"I own I was baffled for the moment," he said, "but, of course, I knew that he wouldn't have taken that journey to bring back an empty bag. Inquiry confirmed my suspicions that the guard was in it, possessing a duplicate key to the black bag, and I saw where the solution was. Undoubtedly the cigars were in the country, the only question was their whereabouts.

"The problem was very simple. I had only to keep a watch on Crane. He didn't notice the cyclist who followed him when he took a trap from here the next day, nor did he see that same cyclist lying behind a bush on Pinkney's Common with a field-glass

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watching him get a parcel from the level-crossing box. The rest you know. I guessed pretty accurately where the guard dropped them, and here they are."

"There's one thing I don't understand, sir," replied Brett, "and that is, why the guard didn't put the cigars in the brown bag and throw that out—or, in fact, why he took two bags at all."

"Oh, but that was where his greatest artfulness came in—the subtlety of the whole thing. The black bag was weighed at Gantes, and it's weight registered. It was necessary to have a corresponding weight to it when it arrived in London. That's why he carried those heavy books and used the other bag for them.

"Then he and the guard knew perfectly well that detectives are pretty sharp in these matters, and if it had been noticed that he started back with two bags and only one arrived, especially as he was doing this more than once, suspicion would have been aroused. That's why the other bag was not thrown out. The whole thing was beautifully planned. Now we'll pack up—stop, though—I want three or four more of those cigars. That's right."

He packed up the cigars, and directed them to H.M. Customs.

"There," he said, "we'll send it anonymously. I expect, after his little visit to Pinkney's Common crossing, Master Crane will take a holiday. I must really thank you, Brett, for having given me an interesting little problem. I don't think we need take any further action. The three of them will have quite fright enough to stop them. Good-night!"

Hazell was right. Peter Crane suddenly disappeared from view, and the tobacco window was devoted to confectionery again. Harry Brett's prospects so increased with the return of custom that he made a formal proposal for the partnership, which was duly accepted, and the deed signed in the vestry of the parish church.

Some weeks after the incident Thorpe Hazell was on the platform of the London terminus of the Mid-Southern and Eastern Railway, watching the incoming of the Continental express. As soon as the bustle was over, he strolled up to the rear guard, who was standing by his van.

"Have a cigar, guard!" he said, offering his case.

"Thank you, sir."

"Take three or four. They're more yours than mine."

"What, sir?"

"I believe you dropped them out of your van—some weeks ago—just by Pinkney's Common crossing. Good-night!"

He turned his head when he reached the end of the platform. There was Guard Crane, standing like a statue, gazing at him with a paler face than was caused by the electric light.

(Another story of this series will appear next month.)

SOMEBODY'S DAY.

A step—a flood of light—
A morning call—
A yawn—two eyes shut tight—
A rise—a fall!

A plunge—a shriek—
No suicide—a bath—
The flesh is weak—
Duty a chilly path.

An egg—a kettle boiled—
A rush—one cup—
Two cats—a tea-cloth spoiled—
A howl set up.

A bang—a crash—
No thunderstorm—a scale—
Two boots—one splash—
An umbrella—hail.

A mug—some beef—
Rice pudding—and a sigh—
A pain—and grief—
Release and ecstasy!

A pen—a slate—
A mademoiselle—a map—
Rebellion—fate—
The corner—and a rap.

A cheerful sound—
A tea-tray—and a pause—
All hearts rebound—
Tea is a "saving clause."

A dance—a song—
A garden—and a walk—
Shadows grow long—
A mother—and a talk.

A bath—a brush—
A steaming bowl—a kiss—
A prayer—a hush—
Asleep—at rest, in bliss.

LORNA M. DURRANT.

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Portraits can be made with the letters of one's name. Here is Mr. Balfour's done on this principle.

PICTURE WRITING.

Showing how Every Person who can Write can also Draw.

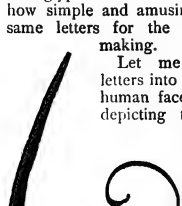
By Harry Furniss.

A fancy head in which nothing but letters of the alphabet are employed.

Do you know the history of the letter S? If not, here it is. The ancient Egyptian word for goose is *Se*, and when these wise people wished to describe a goose in writing they drew, as their custom was, a rough picture of the bird. It is not difficult when we see this rough picture to discover the origin of our hissing consonant.

The ancient Egyptian name for a goose was "Se." The shape of the bird was the origin of our letter "S."

And so with all the other letters of the alphabet. They are derived from some natural object, bird, fish, or animal. But it is not my intention to go into the origin of our letters, or give you a learned disquisition on Egyptian hieroglyphics. What I want to show you is how simple and amusing it is to use these same letters for the purpose of picture making.



By reversing a J and using a capital D, an excellent representation of a nose can be formed.

Let me begin by turning letters into the semblance of a human face, without aiming at depicting the features of any person in particular.

The lines and curves of the face are really no harder to draw than the lines and curves of letters. J D are as easy to remember and draw if we call them noses, as they are if we call them J and D, and the D added to the J make a nose in profile, while two C's and a V make a nose full face. But, perhaps, even the novice may also easily learn to give expression to the faces that he draws.

Let me see if it be possible to show those who never handled a pencil in their lives how, for instance, to put expression into the eye with a touch or two. The late Mr. Gladstone's eye, for example.

I recollect a lady saying to me a few years ago:

"Oh, Mr. Furniss, do tell me how you give the eagle-eye expression to Mr. Gladstone, with one curve?"

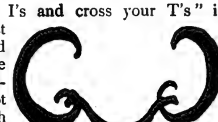
"Why, you have answered yourself," I replied. "It is little more than a *dot*—a twist of the pen—that is all."

But she only shook her head.

"It's the way that little twist is made," she said laughingly, and that put a stop to the conversation.

When I thought it over, I found that the lady was right. A dot or a curve in drawing, like a full stop in writing, if in the right place, gives expression.

"Dot your I's and cross your T's" is the writer's first instruction, and so it might be the caricaturist's. A dot or a curve, with a little skill to give it expression, as we have



The rough outline of a nose full face can be formed by using two C's and a U.

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To draw an ear, put down a note of interrogation and a capital D, as shown.

seen, is quite sufficient to represent an eye.

But the dot or curve must not be made haphazard; it must be *drawn;* and the expression given by showing the light. It will not do to fling your ink on the paper and call it an eye. The curve must be a circle—a thick C, not a dead eye, but a live orbit.

Gladstone's eye I have drawn hundreds of times with this one touch: a C for an eye, followed, in his case, by crossing a T for his eyebrow. Draw the letter T, in writing, and reverse a small C. You have then a Gladstone eye in anger. Two C's, one large and one small, facing each other will give Rosebery's placid eye.

Perhaps there is nothing more difficult to draw than the human hand, yet it is possible to make a start, even with so puzzling an item, by mere handwriting. Take the hand most familiar to general eyes, the pointing hand, which we find at every turn, to draw the attention of the public to something of interest in the papers, or to some particular way: the hand with index finger extended. It is not nearly so difficult as it seems. Draw the letter M twice, a capital (in writing) and a small one. If you like to complete the design, add the letter H, and the result will strike envy into the breast of every sign-writer.

The piercing eye of Mr. Gladstone is represented by a capital T and small C reversed.

For the ear, a note of interrogation and the letter D are all that is required, and for the mouth, two M's and a G.

Now that the idea has been given, innumerable interesting and curious examples will easily suggest themselves of how the letters we all make every day in writing, can be utilised as the raw material for draughtsmanship.

I remember when I was a child, we had a game which we used to call "Black and White." Black and white it was—especially black. And so were the fingers and the clothes of the children who played it. For the process was simply to write your name—or any other word—in ink on white paper, fold it across wet, and then observe the result, which was sometimes funny enough. But here, of course, the picture was the result of accident rather than design.

Lord Rosebery's eye—made with two C's.

An eye with an eyebrow can easily be formed with a capital D and a capital T.

What I am aiming at is to show the reader that inasmuch as he is a writer, he is a draughtsman, too, without knowing it. If you wish to learn to draw, I want to show you how you can apply to the purposes of your new art some of the forms already familiar to you from the practice of the old art. Every writer knows and makes quite a large number of lines and dots and curves. These are his capital with which to start business as a draughtsman. Let him use it with judgment and the result ought to be satisfactory. There is the whole alphabet at the writing-artist's disposal. It will pass the time of old and young on a long winter's evening to try to form faces out of the letters of the alphabet.

Drawing is making the hand work with the mind. For example, ask anybody you like what a spiral staircase is. Invariably the reply is: "Eh. What? A spiral staircase? Oh, it's a sort of thing like that . . ." And immediately the speaker turns a finger round and round to describe what a

A mouth formed of two M's and a capital G.

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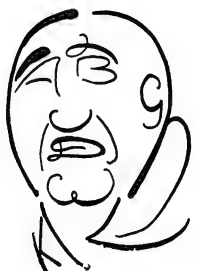


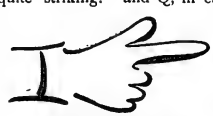
A face entirely composed of the letters A to L.

A portrait of the Lord Chancellor made of the letter S only.

A face entirely composed of the letters M to Z.

spiral staircase is, by drawing it in the air, a motion simultaneously with the words, of course. Now draw from your thoughts with equal vividness on paper, and you are an artist.

Take the initial letters of spiral staircase S-S. Think of these letters carefully, and think of the head of the Lord Chancellor. It is a succession of S's. As you think of the head and the S's, and the S's and the head, put them down on paper, and the likeness to Lord Halsbury is quite striking. Two long S's on each side, the right-hand one reversed, four more S's to frame the face, and the nose, mouth, and eyes need only three S's between the lot. Though grotesque, the result is easily recognisable. Get the idea that the Lord Chancellor is a happy family of Ss well into your head, and the result is bound to come out of your fingers.



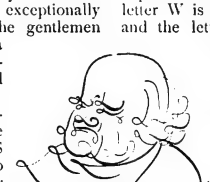
A hand with a magnified index finger. It is composed of two M's and one H.

Now that you understand the art of using all the letters of the alphabet for drawing purposes, why not give up using your name on documents and letters, and jot down your portrait in the letters of your name? On a cheque this would be exceptionally effective, and would worry the gentlemen with copying proclivities not a little. For marking handkerchiefs, the letter portrait method would be excellent.

The portrait of Lord Halsbury is made, as we have observed before, of the letter S only. You need not try to confine yourself to one letter to make a successful portrait. On the contrary, the more letters you have the better. But you should remember that, though the portrait must, on the one hand, be as good a likeness as possible, on the other hand you must use your letters so that they can easily be recognised.

Looking at the sketches given here, you can see what letters make particular features. Take the three on the top of this page. D, S, and Q, in each case, make a very plausible mouth. More letters still can be used for the eyes, A, B, S, R, and P. You must consider what letter will give the best expression. A and B give a superior, supercilious look. S, if carefully drawn, gives a keen look, while R and P are particularly vacant and foolish looking.

With regard to the eyebrows, in the first sketch you will notice the letter J twice employed; in the second sketch they are formed by means of the letter S; in the third by the letters S and N. Thus, with a little discretion in the choice of letters, any given expression can be portrayed at will. The letter W is very useful for indicating hair, and the letters X and Y make excellent wrinkles.



Portrait of a gentleman. In this only the letter L is used.

Prizes consisting of ROYAL packs of cards will be given to the senders of each of the three best faces formed only from letters of the alphabet. Attempts must reach the Editor, THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., not later than July 20th. Mark your envelope "Drawing."

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A Story Told by a Signet Ring.

By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James.

It is quite true that I am rather too fat a gold ring for my mistress' useless little manicured hand, but as her father's will specially stipulated that I was to go to Joye, I have been made smaller, and now show to very fair advantage on the second finger of her right hand.

However, the indignity of being worn by a woman doesn't prevent my always looking an imposing circlet, and my facial engraving —a rabbit step-dancing over drawn swords above the words "*Animo et fide*"—is very chaste. (I often wish that rabbit in a pie, or anywhere out of the way, because if it were not for him I'm sure I shouldn't be occasionally plunged in boiling violet sealing-wax! If only Joye *would* realise the bad form of a woman who uses a crest, I might have a much cooler time of it! Phew!)

My life was not particularly eventful for the first five years after I came into my young mistress' possession, but from that evening of the Upperton's ball (Joye had just turned twenty-one) everything changed for the better.

It was during grand chain that I suddenly received a terrific shock, which I know dug me into my owner's soft flesh.

But it wasn't my fault—there was evidently some outside influence at work—and the Spartan way she bore the pain (repeated every time the band played a jumpy, dotted sort of tune) was admirable, considering what a silly little thing she is for making a fuss over every tiny ache or scratch.

After the Lancers came a waltz—during which the pressure was gently continuous—followed by more waltzes, till I got quite accustomed to my cramped position, and was consumed with curiosity to see the outside influence who was responsible for it all.

At last my wish was granted.

"Shall we sit it out?" asked a nice, vibrant, manly voice, as a lively air replaced a restful interval.

"Er—er yes—I *am* rather tired," replied Joye softly (I had never heard her speak quite so softly before).

After that, a brief voyage of discovery, followed by the clicking of Joye's high satin heels upon a marble floor—the heavy scent of flowers—the tinkle, tinkle, of baby waterfalls—the rattle of coffee-cups and spoons, and then—then my mistress had peeled off her long white *suède* gloves, and, as I touched the handle of a silver spoon, I was able to inspect the "outside influence!"

Such a nice "outside influence," with sleek, dark, straight, centre-parted hair, a firm jaw, merry eyes, and a mouth "full of possibilities," as they say in most of the books that Joye reads.

I took to him at once, and I suppose that he

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took to me, considering that he really went out of the way to touch me when he put down Joye's cup.

Previously, I had always resented, as furiously as my mistress, any such familiarities (Ugh! that odious Captain with the up-turning moustaches, and that grotesque bank-manager with the imitation pearl sleeve-links!) but in the case of Donald Undercliffe it was different—*so* different—just all the difference, in fact!

For the next three months, though I was kept rather busy sealing little scented replies to six-page letters, I had a very luxurious time of it.

Softer and paler-shaded gloves than I had ever known covered me when I went out. (Never any unpleasant paraffin odours caused by cleaners! *Such* an unlimited supply of new gloves!) Expensive perfumes washed me. I came into juxtaposition with the biggest and most luscious sweets that either my mistress or I had ever tasted, and one evening (two days after I had helped to guide the pearl-handled pen to write the words: "My answer is—YES!—JOYE") I realised that I was not to be lonely any more.

Oh, I fell in love with her at first sight!

She was exquisite, with her two great, pale, turquoise hearts surrounded by wreaths of clear, pure-souled diamonds, and the little gold plate with "D. J." engraved on it, that was fastened inside, seemed to make her the most ideal engagement ring that ever flashed glances across at a lonely old signet bachelor.

Why! oh why, was she so far away—shining on the third finger of that lucky little left hand?

When should we meet? When would Joye either clasp or clap her soft pink palms together?

"Oh! Don!" she cried. "*Isn't*, oh! *isn't* it just the loveliest ring in the *whole* word?"

"It ought to be, darling, though I'm afraid it's not up to much," replied Don, "because," he continued, drawing nearer—"it is for the loveliest and dearest girl!"

From that day forth my life was one incessant round of anxiety owing to Joye's terribly careless habits and capacity for losing everything—except that silly gold head which now spent so much of its time on coat lappels!

During the first month of her engagement she dropped a dainty gold-and-pearl heart which her *fiancé* had given her; after this a curb-chain bracelet was left in a theatre cloak-room, and never recovered; while a diamond-and-enamel brooch that he had taken infinite pains to select, was missing from the unfastened laces at her throat!

The loss of the charm, bracelet, and brooch didn't worry me a bit (I don't think, though, that Donald Undercliffe felt quite so leniently about it!), but if anything happened to the engagement ring, I knew that all the brightness would have left my life for ever.

I went through a hundred scares when she washed her hands, manicured her fingers, played the piano or tennis, sculled, punted, or indulged in any occupation which necessitated the removal of a jewelled knobbly ring (*I* was too flat and unobtrusive to be taken off, as a rule), there was the constant dread that she might forget to replace my sky-coloured divinity.

And one day—shall I ever forget it—my fears were realised.

We were in a first-class District railway-carriage, and as Joye was (as usual) only just in time to catch the train, she had carried her gloves, so that she could get into them *en route*.

Directly I saw the number inside those gloves, I felt that there were difficulties ahead —$5\frac{1}{2}$ instead of $5\frac{3}{4}$, and very hard, unstretchy *suède*, into the bargain!

What would happen? We should be smothered—my turquoise and I!

"Oh! these wretched gloves!" cried Joye, trying to coax her left-hand fingers into the too-tight receptacles. "Ugh! Ugh!—they'll split—ugh! ugh——" (Ah! she had managed the thumb with tolerable success!) "There's a button off already—*ugh! ugh!*—its no good, it *won't* go over my ring—I must take it off and put it in my pocket."

And, with the last word, my blue friend was discarded and laid on the seat, while Joye continued to grapple with her gloves.

On we went—on—on. The left-hand glove was nearly buttoned—the——

CHARING CROSS!

"Good gracious!" cried my irresponsible little mistress. "Charing Cross already—I thought we were only at Sloane Square—I ——"

Frantically she grasped her parasol, reticule, purse, ticket, and other glove, with the flustered irritation of a pretty, dependent woman, whose life had always known easy ways, and leapt out on to the platform, leaving—oh! leaving—my poor, dear Turquoise lying on the dusty railway carriage seat alone and unprotected!

Oh! how gladly I'd have given all my 18-carat soul to have been able to cry aloud and stop that cruel train! How thankfully I would have become 9-carat, gold-washed, or

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even *brass*, if I could have rescued Joye Bashford's engagement ring!

It was not until she had returned from the *matinée* that my owner discovered her loss.

She went upstairs to her bedroom, peeled off the tight gloves, and then—well, poor little thing, I must confess that I *did* feel sorry for her.

"My ring!" she cried. "My darling, darling ring! Oh, it's lost—it's lost! After th-the b-b-brooch, and the h-h-heart, and the bra-bra-bracelet, I can't, oh! I *can't* tell Don! What shall I d-d-do!"

And as she covered her eyes with her little, white, useless hands, my face was washed by a shower of scalding tears.

Yes; what could she say to Donald?

Fortunately, owing to pressure of business, he would not be coming to see her for two days; there was hope that she might recover the ring before Friday evening.

But, no; such was destined not to be the case.

No ring had been taken to the lost property office.

Polite station-masters stroked their beards while they prophesied hopefully, but that was all; and Joye delayed advertising her loss in the papers (besides which, it seemed such a hopeless proceeding in this wicked world!) for fear that her lover might catch sight of the announcement.

At last Friday evening arrived.

"In an hour he will be here, and—and—oh; I *can't* tell him," sobbed Joye, as she repaired to her own tiny blue sanctum directly dinner was over, and lifted the Persian kitten into her arms. "Pussy, pussy, how I wish I were you, not haunted by the ghost of a confession! How I—oh, Puss, you spiteful little wretch!"

Yes, the objectionable Persian (I always disliked her since that day she patted and rolled me under the sofa, when Joye had left me, rotund and neglected, on the dressing-table) had, with feline sympathy, unsheathed five crescent claws and scratched the hand which so often gave her milk and tied irritating bits of ribbon round her neck.

Suddenly a light came into Joye's eyes as her glance fell on the bright red drops.

"Of course, of course! I can anyhow stave off confession for a little while," she cried, "and, who knows? it may be brought back before—before—*my hand gets better*."

Surely *this* was courage—to bandage up a bereft left hand and put it in a sling, so that its shorn condition could not be discovered.

Half-an-hour later I was lying in Donald Undercliffe's firm, cool, magnetic clasp.

"My darling!" he cried, in accents full of ardent anxiety, "what have you done to your dearest hand?"

"Oh!—er—I—I've hurt it a little—nothing much," replied the artful little minx evasively (that cute *feminine* evasion, which gives the impression of evading, while it really is an alarm-stimulus).

"Let me see it."

"No, no, dear, it's — it's — rather —a— shuddersome sight, but it'll be all right soon. Now tell me all you've been doing."

"Not until you've shown me your hand, dearest."

"I can't *really*, Don. It's — it's — all bandaged up."

"Then let me undo it, sweetheart. I insist upon seeing it. I have a right to do so."

"Oh! please Don, don't fidget — you — you—only make it worse. Do leave it alone."

"Show it to me, darling."

"I—I—can't."

"Yes, you can, dear. I can't be left in this state of anxiety. Let me look at it, and see if a specialist is necessary."

(Oh! what *would* happen? Despite my hall-mark, I felt I was getting almost discoloured with fear.)

"I won't let you see it, Don."

"I insist, Joye."

"I—I—WON'T, I tell you!"

When a woman says "WON'T" in capital letters it usually means that things are more or less serious—and so it proved in this case.

The breeze changed to a wind, the wind merged into a hurricane, and the hurricane became a raging storm—a storm for the violence of which I must confess Donald Undercliffe's insistence and lack of toleration were mainly responsible.

As a rule, I do not take Joye's part (I know her too well), but on this occasion, as I reviewed the situation from the vantage ground of her trembling hand, I certainly arrived at the conclusion that Don was almost obtrusively unreasonable.

Surely he was not *trying* to bring the storm to devastation point?

At last came the final peal of thunder

"If you find such evident and complete satisfaction in definitely refusing to grant my simple request I think it would be better for us to realise, while there is still time, that we have made a mistake," said Donald, turning round abruptly towards the window.

"I quite agree with you. Our engagement is at an end."

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"Oh! please Don, don't fidget—you—you—only make it worse."

"I accept the situation. Your letters and presents shall be returned this evening. I—I—may as well take back my unhappy ring while I am here. It will be some satisfaction for me to throw it into the river on my way home."

So the awful moment had arrived!

"I—I will send it with the oth—other things."

"No, no, I'll take it now, let me g-get it over!" (The Irvingesque voice-break was immense!)

"I—I CAN'T give it—it—to—to—you now."

Then my mistress broke down, and the sobbing, baffled little girl took her place.

Tears—tears—sobs—sobs.

"Joye, Joye! Before we part you might just look at these!"

A bowed golden head was raised, and—and—

Oh, my dear Turquoises. . . .

Lying on the satin cushion just above the spot which was damp with a found-out maiden's tears, was my beautiful Blue Queen with the diamond eyes; and by her side an advertisement cut out from the "Lost and Found" column of the *Daily Dial*.

> FOUND. A ring, engraved "D. J." inside. Owner can recover same upon giving complete description, and by applying to 5 Gordon Square, W.

"I saw this advertisement by chance on Thursday morning, and thinking it was unlikely that two rings would be engraved with our joint initials, also knowing that—that—er—losses were not *quite* unknown contingencies, I called at 5 Gordon Square, where a bluff, blue-nosed captain received me. 'Yes, sir, I've got your ring,' he grunted, after hearing my minute description. 'Found it on seat in first-class carriage when I got in at Temple—didn't give it up to railway, because I wanted the owner's thanks for my pains.—4s. for advertisement, sir—better put it back on her finger, sir—good-day, sir.'"

Silence (on the girl's part). Then——

"Did you scheme to quarrel with me directly you saw my bandaged hand, because you understood my—my cowardly subterfuge?"

Silence (on the man's part).

"It—it—was cruel of you—and—and——"

A long pause, and then a rattle of rapid word-volleys.

"Joye—Joye—darling, forgive me—I am a cur."

"No, no, *you* must forgive *me*—I am a miserable, careless, d-deceitful girl."

"No, I am a thoughtless, revengeful cad."

"How dare you say such things when I deserved it all."

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"You deserve nothing but the life-long devotion of a better chap than I am."

"Don't talk about b-b-etter ch-ch-chaps, Don, because there couldn't be—be——"

"My heart's only girl!"

"My—my—own boy!" etc., etc., etc.

"You know, the bluff captain said, 'Better put it back on her finger, sir.' Good advice? What?"

"It—it—seems to me just the sort of advice that ought to be—*taken*, Don!"

There was a pause—a wonderful, glad pause—full of love's anticipation, which, so far as I have observed from the vantage ground of the girl's white hand, is one of love's dearest delights.

Then, bending down, Don took something more than a bluff captain's advice.

First he took a slim, white finger on which he placed one tender, reverent kiss, and a beautiful blue ring with flashing diamond eyes.

Then he took a girl to his heart—right, right close to his heart! Their faces drew nearer together till their lips met in a kiss that meant everything.

Ah, me!

I never knew that a ring could feel so lonely and "outside" as I felt at that moment, until—ah! gently Joye raised her arms and clasped her hands about her sweetheart's neck.

The loneliness was over—the face of my beautiful Blue Queen touched my own!

* * *

To-day my happiness is complete.

Joye and Don have stood together before an altar all white and scented with lily-flowers, the organ has rolled out wonderful music, those that were two have been made one, and—herein lies the happiness of a big, fat signet ring—the Lady Turquoise has been dethroned!

The new bright plain gold ring on Joye's left hand third finger doesn't leave room for my fair Blue Queen, so Don has put quite a vulgar flashing half hoop (a bold, bulging thing with eyes on every side) in her place, while *she* is promoted to the right hand finger *next to me!*

Now, under the shelter of a fawn *suède* glove which matches Joye's travelling costume, I am courting her with all my eighteen carat ardour, and she?—well, she has overlooked my somewhat inelegant bulk on account of my sterling quality.

We are together, we are happy.

So are they!

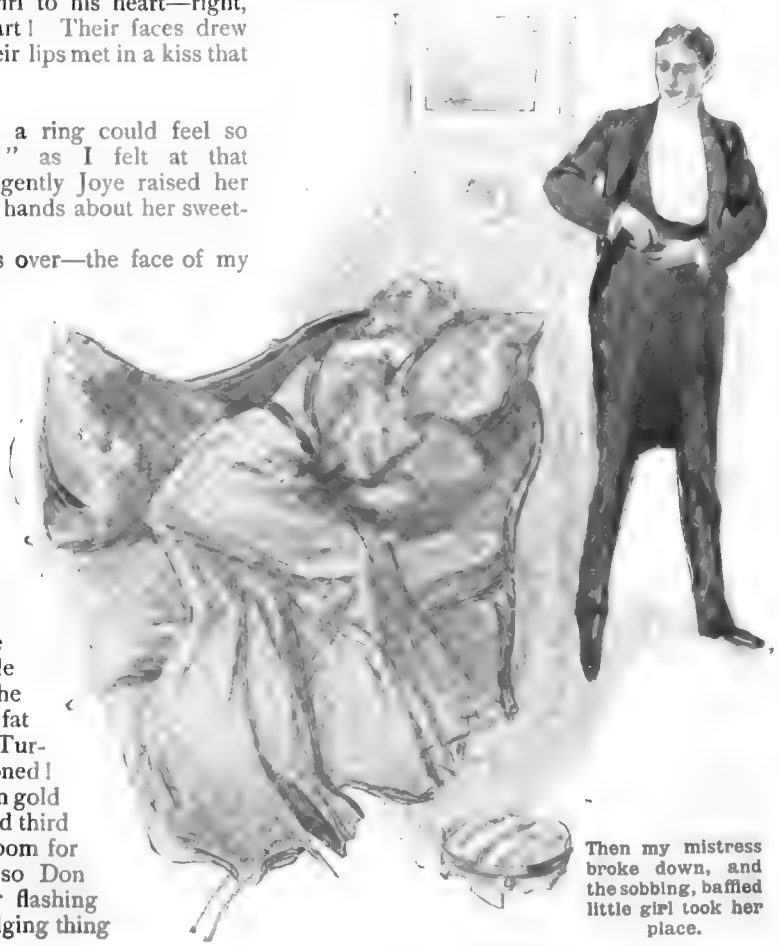
* * * * *

We have settled down now in our new home, a brand new villa on the outskirts of Kensington.

The other evening my mistress took from a drawer a packet wrapped in tissue paper and fastened with a piece of blue ribbon.

She opened it, and tears—I could see they were tears of happiness—came into her eyes.

The packet contained a bandage and a small cutting from a newspaper.



Then my mistress broke down, and the sobbing, baffled little girl took her place.

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MR. X —HIS PAGES.

"Mr. X" is a Proud and Happy Man. The Editor of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE has had designed ROYAL Packs of Playing Cards—cards with the Lion rampant, which for some months adorned the cover of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, stamped on them. Very handsome packs they are. And the "Joker" is—who do you think? Well, who should it be but "Mr. X"! "Mr. X" it is! Many a reader has tried to "have" "Mr. X" in the past; now, when the "Joker" of these packs is dealt them they will be able to say, "Hurrah, I've got 'Mr. X'!"—and "Mr. X" hereby wishes all such jolly good luck. The packs will be awarded as prizes for puzzles set in this feature, or they may be obtained from the Editor post free for 1s. 6d. each, or two packs for 2s. 9d.

Puzzle Penknives, Puzzle Purses, or ROYAL Packs of Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

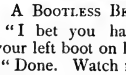
WORDS IN WORDS.

Have you ever noticed what a number of words there are which contain many other completed words? Take **Dishearten,** for example. It contains:

Dish	she	hear	ten
Is	ear	he	hearten
I	shear	art	heart

No fewer than twelve. "Mr. X" offers a prize of Five Shillings to the reader who sends him what is in his opinion the best word of this kind. Remember that the words must be complete as they stand, the letters must not be shifted. In "Dishearten," for example, "shed" is not admissible.

Answers must be addressed to "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., must be marked on the outside "Words," and must reach "Mr. X" before July 20th.



A BOOTLESS BET.

ALFRED: "I bet you half-a-crown you always put your left boot on last."

THOMAS: "Done. Watch me." (He picks out his left boot, puts it on, and laces it up.) "There you are!"

ALFRED: "Wait a bit. You've got that one on, haven't you?"

THOMAS: "Looks like it."

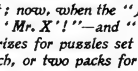
ALFRED: "Well, then, the other boot is left. Neat catch, isn't it? Can you give me half-a-sov. for seven-and-six?"

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

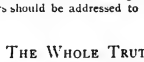
BOY: "Please, sir, Tommy says he knows a baby that was fed on elephant's milk, and gained 10lb. a day."

MASTER (severely): "Tommy, you should not tell lies! Whose baby was it?"

TOMMY: "The elephant's, sir!"



Q. Why is the letter K like a pig's tail?
A. Because it comes at the end of pork.



A MOTOR PROBLEM: OR TODHUNTER UP-TO-DATE.

Let U be the driver of a motor-car, and V the velocity of the car.

If a sufficiently high value be given to V, it will ultimately reach P.C.

V will instantly become = O.

For the low values of V, P.C. may be neglected, but if V be high, it is usually best to square P.C., after which V will again assume a positive value. For, by a well-known theorem:

$$P.C. + L.S.D. = (P.C.)^2$$

If the value of L.S.D. be made sufficiently large, P.C. will vanish, and V may be extended indefinitely.

But, should the difference between U and P.C. be very great, J.P. may be substituted for P.C., in which case the problem becomes very difficult of solution, because no value of L.S.D. has yet been found to effect the elimination of J.P. $(J.P.)^2$ is, in fact, an impossible quantity.

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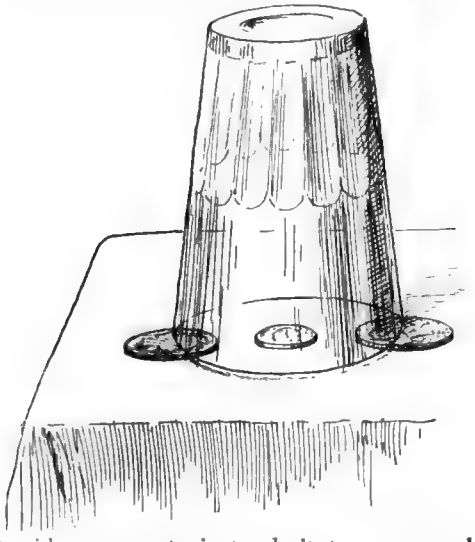
The Coin that Walked by Itself.

"The marvellous walking sixpence, ladies and gentlemen. You observe, I place it on the table-cloth, I cover it with an inverted tumbler, and I balance the tumbler on two pennies. I now desire that sixpence to come out to me from under the tumbler. Will somebody kindly get it out, please?

"You mustn't poke it, or pull it with anything, or blow it, or fire a gun at it, or attract



it with a magnet; just ask it to come and encourage it with that inducement which no true sixpence can resist. What! You can't? You surprise me! Observe; I merely scratch the table-cloth with my finger-nail near the tumbler, I continue to scratch, I keep on scratching, and—out comes the sixpence."

A Brace of Limericks.

There was a young lady named Carr
Who was going at 3.3 to Forfar.
She said, "I believe
The 3.3 will leave
Before the 4.4 for Forfar."

There was a young girl of Antigua,
Who said to her spouse, "What a pig you are!"
He replied, "Oh, my Queen,
Is it manners you mean,
Or do you refer to my figuer?"

$$X = \div +$$

In Two Places at Once.

Alphonse: "Can you tell me what this is? 'I went to India; stopped there; came back again because I never went there.'"

Pierre: "The thing is impossible."

Alphonse: "Not at all. The answer is *a watch.*"

Rude.

Gladys: "What is the difference between 'Thought' and a donkey?"

Edith: "Give it up, dear."

Gladys: "One is *I*-dea and the other is *You* dear."

Q. Why is coal the most contradictory article on sale?

A. Because when purchased it goes to the cellar (seller).

Transposing Without Touching.

Stand the cover of a matchbox on the drawer, just as you see here, and then ask your very cleverest friend to reverse matters—to stand the drawer on the cover—without touching the drawer or moving the box to the end of the table. *He* won't be able to—

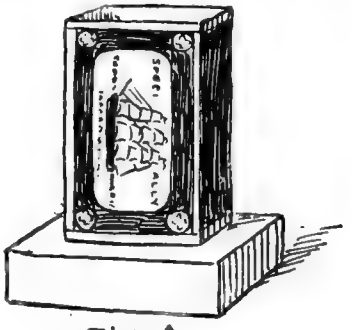


Fig A

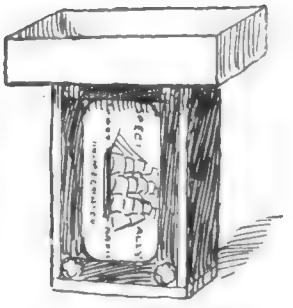


Fig B

no one who doesn't read "Mr. X" ever can do these little things—so you proceed to show him.

Place your mouth over the opening of the cover, draw in your breath, and the drawer will glue on to the cover. All you now have to do is to put your head back, take the cover in your hand and deposit it gently on the table.

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He saw his wife being borne downstairs in the assistant's arms.

Real Life Romances.

True Stories of Strange and Unusual Happenings Appear Monthly in this Feature.

Back from the Dead.

THE TRUE STORY OF A WOMAN'S ESCAPE FROM THE GRAVE.

THERE was great sorrow a month or two ago in a little cottage at Hapton, near Accrington, for the mother of the home, Mrs. Holden, had just passed away.

The husband was distracted with grief. His wife had been ill only a few days, and though the doctor had given him warning that she was much worse, he did not realise that the end was so near.

Mr. Holden was only a small wage-earner, but everything possible had been done for the invalid. The doctor was satisfied that she was in good hands, and that with care she might before long be well enough to occupy her old position in the family circle.

But, now, alas, she was no more! The vacant chair would serve as a reminder of what had been.

Knowing how ill Mrs. Holden had been the doctor made out the certificate of death without further examining the body.

In anticipation of the undertaker's arrival Mr. Holden conveyed his wife's remains to a spare room.

With bowed head the sorrow-stricken husband sat downstairs in the kitchen while the undertaker and his assistant performed their painful duties. He was completely overcome by the shock of his sudden bereavement.

Upstairs in the chamber of death the sad work was proceeding in silence, which was suddenly broken by an exclamation from the undertaker.

"She is alive! Her eyelid twitched just then."

The assistant said it was impossible, for the doctor had certified the woman to be dead.

However, so positive was the undertaker that life was not yet extinct, that he began to rub the body in the region of the heart, while his man chafed the hands.

Presently the woman's eyes opened, and an arm shot out and clutched the undertaker's sleeve.

Rushing to the top of the stairs the assistant shouted:

"She is alive! Bring some brandy."

Mr. Holden started from his seat at hearing the unwonted noise.

"She is alive! Bring some brandy."

"Oh, it cannot be true," he thought, "but I will go and see."

When he came out of the kitchen he saw his wife being borne downstairs in the assistant's arms.

She called him by name, and then he knew that the good news was indeed true.

Brandy was administered, and Mrs. Holden soon recovered complete consciousness.

Later in the day the doctor came in haste to stop the certificate. He had just heard how Mrs. Holden had been attacked by poultry thieves and received a blow on the head which would account for certain strange symptoms he had noticed. He wished to make a further examination of the body before formally certifying death. This, of course, was now unnecessary.

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Adrift on an Ice-Floe.

A ROMANCE OF THE GULF OF FINLAND.

ONE evening, early this year, a couple of hundred men, mostly fishermen, were sporting on the ice off Sesskar, a small island in the Gulf of Finland. Many of them rode horses, for they knew the ice was several feet thick, and had been for many days

A fierce wind was blowing at the time, but the men were hardened to the cold. Some had cut holes in the ice, and were busily engaged in catching fish, whilst others rode about, bent entirely on enjoyment. None dreamt of danger, for the season was early, and the thaws had not yet begun.

Suddenly a long, loud report, not unlike the firing of artillery, arose from the shore. A cry of dismay went up from the crowd. Those fishing dropped their lines and turned anxiously towards the island. As they did there came another report, and the ice quivered beneath their feet.

With loud shouts of terror, those on horseback rushed forward. "The ice has broken from the shore!" was passed from mouth to mouth. None waited longer; even the fishermen forsook their catch, and joined the fleeing crowd.

A hundred yards ahead a score of horsemen paused, then leapt forward, vanishing in a shower of water. Horror was at every heart. They could feel the ice heaving gently underneath them, and they knew that it was moving.

As suddenly as their headlong flight began it ended. A great gap of water lay between them and the island. Heedless of this, some of the men, half-mad with terror, urged on their horses, resolving at all hazards to gain the land.

News of the accident reached the shore. Men, women, and children lined the ice, wringing their hands despairingly as they saw loved ones drifting away to destruction out into the stormy gulf.

Night fell upon the scene. Long after the ice-field had been lost in the gloom, the crowd waited, scarcely knowing what they did in their grief. Then, by twos and threes, they walked silently back to their homes.

At the first gleam of dawn they left their houses and searched the shore. The sea was still high, and the wind as fierce as on the previous night.

Suddenly a cry arose. A dozen men pointed frantically out to sea. In a moment everyone was looking, straining their eyes, scarcely daring to believe that what they saw was real. Yes, there it was—a large white field of ice—and fast approaching.

Now they could see many black figures. Then one cried that he saw horses. The men shouted and well-known voices made reply.

Their husbands were returning—saved! But how? Was the ice-floe sailing back?

Then it dawned on them that, unnoticed till that moment, the wind had shifted, and the fierce breeze that had borne those hundred and fifty men seemingly to destruction was now bearing them in safety to their homes!

A great gap of water lay between them and the island.

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The Lost Ring.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

FREDA OLMSTEAD was only sixteen, but, even at that early age, she was the belle of Augusta, in Michigan, where she lived.

A pretty girl always has plenty of suitors, and Freda was no exception to the rule. Of the many she favoured two, Arthur Burfield and John Martin. Eventually she became betrothed to the latter, who was an engineer on the railway.

As a betrothal gift Martin gave Freda a diamond ring.

A few weeks after the engagement was ratified, Martin had to go away on a tour of inspection, leaving Freda almost heart-broken.

For a day or two she kept to herself, but, thinking it was no use making herself more miserable than she was already, she accepted an invitation from Arthur Burfield to go for a row on the lake with him, though she knew that Martin might not like her to be seen with Burfield.

The day fixed for the outing was ideal, and in high spirits Freda started.

In the lake were a number of turtles. While they were gliding over the water in the boat, Freda stretched out her hand and caught a little one. The creature was very small, and playfully Freda took off her engagement ring and slipped it over the turtle's neck. The turtle resented this liberty and bit her finger, causing her to let it fall overboard into the water—with it went the ring.

Freda was in a terrible state about her loss. She knew Martin would not believe the turtle story, when she had to explain why she was not wearing his ring. But what could she do? The ring was gone now beyond recovery.

When Martin returned, he paid Freda an early visit. She met him tearfully, and began to explain the absence of his betrothal gift.

As she fully expected, the turtle story was not believed, and, accusing Freda of being unfaithful, Martin broke the engagement with bitter words, and returned to Germany, his native land.

Freda was heartbroken, and, though during the years that followed she had many offers of marriage, refused them all. In spite of Martin's unjust accusations, she was true to him, and would always remain so.

* * * * *

Forty years passed, then one day the news reached Freda Olmstead that while fishing in the lake, some boys had caught a turtle with a diamond ring round its neck.

Freda took off her engagement ring and slipped it over the turtle's neck.

Thinking it must be her long-lost betrothal ring, Freda set off in hot haste to the finders. She recognised her treasure, and after some difficulty succeeded in obtaining possession of it.

Now, she wondered, was John Martin still unmarried, and would it be possible to let him know of her discovery which would prove her faithfulness to him?

She could but try to find out. So a letter was dispatched by the first mail to Germany, and after a long delay it reached Martin.

He started at once for America, and hastened to Augusta. Freda was waiting to welcome him, and an affecting meeting took place between the lovers, and the marriage was celebrated a few months ago.

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Pursued by Wolves.

THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF THREE TRAVELLERS.

IT was the morning of February 1st this year. Snow had been falling heavily, and a high wind had formed mighty drifts.

Proceeding slowly along the Hungarian branch of the railway from Satoratja-Ujhely to Galicia was a train. Every now and then it had to plough its way through deep snow.

The little town of Krucso was reached at last, and after a short stop at the station the train set off again. However, it had not gone far when it ran into a snowdrift and stuck fast.

Some of the passengers determined to get out and walk back to Krucso, but the prospect seemed so uninviting that they decided to remain where they were in the hope that the train would soon be able to restart.

Seeing that it would be impossible to clear the line, a party of railway officials returned to Krucso to try to obtain sledges. This they did with great difficulty, and towards evening drove a number of them back to the train.

Revolver shots were fired at the wolves, but these failed to check the ravening brutes.

The cold was intense, and by this time some of the passengers had been rendered almost insensible, while one baby had actually succumbed. Warmth and food must be sought at once.

The sledges were only small ones, holding three persons, and these were speedily filled.

Hardly had one of the vehicles begun its journey before its three occupants heard a terrible sound—the howling of hungry wolves.

They began to wish they had never left the train. Death from cold would be better than being cruelly torn to pieces by wolves.

The horses were lashed forward, and went off at full speed over the heavy ground.

As the noise of the wolves grew louder, one of the passengers looked round, and, to his horror, saw a pack of the savage beasts approaching at a high speed.

Nearer and nearer came the pack, until the travellers could almost feel the breath of the animals blowing on their faces.

The horses realised their danger and became unmanageable, rushing ahead in fright, The driver was powerless to restrain or guide them.

Revolver shots were fired at the wolves, but these failed to check the ravening brutes, who were gradually getting abreast of the sledge, and in a moment would be level with the horses.

Then something happened.

The sledge struck against a telegraph-pole and overturned its occupants into a ditch.

The travellers thought their last hour had come and nerved themselves to fight the pack with their hands, if necessary, until they were compelled to sink exhausted to the ground, awaiting an end which was too awful to contemplate.

Recovering from the shock of their fall, they looked up, fully expecting to see a throng of hungry monsters with lolling red tongues and hideous faces standing above them; but what was their surprise to find that the outlook was quite clear.

In fear and trembling they scrambled from the ditch and looked down the road, where a fearful sight met their gaze.

The wolves had pursued the sledge, and were now devouring the maddened horses. Their ghastly meal was finished, they started off again.

The three frightened travellers were picked up shortly afterwards by the other sledges and conveyed to Krucso and safety.

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Taking it up, he gazed at it for five minutes.

The Little Swiss Girl.

THE ROMANCE OF A PICTURE POST-CARD.

HIS sister began it. That is to say, Miss Storm was the sole cause of all that happened.

It was this way—Miss Storm, who is an American from Los Angeles, California, was travelling in Switzerland. Nothing of particular interest happened until one day she paused before a shop window. It was a very attractive window, filled from floor to ceiling with coloured picture post-cards. And Miss Storm wanted a post-card to send to her brother in California.

So with critical eyes she tried to pick out one that would please him most. Some were of Swiss soldiers. They were of little use, and certainly would not interest him. Another of William Tell was decidedly pretty. Too hackneyed, she thought. And then many were of mountain scenery, avalanches, and pretty villages. But what did her brother care for such? California could show spots quite as beautiful!

But there—why had she not noticed it before?—there was just the card she sought. A pretty Swiss girl, attired in the quaintest dress imaginable, smiled brightly from it. Surely that would please her brother?

Satisfied at last, she entered the shop, bought the little Swiss maid, wrote quite a lot on the blank space for news. That is to say, she wrote: "Having a splendid time. Quite well. Hope you are. Have no time for more." And then "Your loving sister." That done, she posted the card.

* * * * *

Quite a budget of letters arrived by mail for John Storm. He read them all before he came to the last—a picture post-card. Taking it up, he gazed at it for five minutes before remembering that it brought news from his sister. Having read the brief message, he once more became absorbed in the pretty girl, smiling on him from her slender perch on a rock.

All through the morning her face haunted him as no face that he remembered had ever done. He tried to blot her vision from his mind. But the more he tried the more he thought of her.

A week later he stood on board a Europe-bound steamer, his destination Switzerland, the cause, the girl in the picture post-card.

At last the boat arrived, and at last the train steamed into Berne. The first week he visited the publishers of the post-card, and endeavoured to find from them the photograph from which the post-card was reproduced.

The search proved more difficult than he imagined.

At last success came. He discovered the photographer who had first made the picture. From him he learnt that the girl was working somewhere in Bulle, a small town, twenty miles south of where he was

Post-haste the American travelled there. His impatient inquiries led him to a certain café. A smiling waitress came towards him. It seemed that he had known her for a life-time. It was *she*—the girl of the picture post-card.

* * * * *

A month later John Storm set sail with the little Swiss girl, as his bride, to Los Angeles.

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SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

As Told to the Editor of "The Royal Magazine."

VI.—GETTYSBURG.

From the Narrative of Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge.

Gettysburg, which was fought on July 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, 1863, was the greatest battle of the American Civil War. The combatants were the Federals, who represented the Northern States of America, and the Confederates, who represented the Southern States. The chief reasons for the war were the abolition of slavery and the maintenance of the Union under one governing body—both of which principles the Federals advocated and the Confederates repudiated. At Gettysburg the Federals were commanded by General Meade; the Confederates by General Lee. After a desperate struggle the Federals won the day. In proportion to the men engaged (the Federals had 93,000, the Confederates 80,000), Gettysburg is one of the bloodiest battles of modern times. The loss in killed and wounded was close on 50,000.

Colonel Dodge, whose narrative of the battle follows, studied for the Prussian Army. He joined the Federal Army shortly after the commencement of the war, and was present in many of the chief engagements up to Gettysburg, where he lost his leg. Afterwards he was in President Lincoln's Government for many years, but has long since retired from public life, and devotes himself to-day entirely to the completion of a great work on the history of strategy. He lives in Paris.

It was July 1st, 1863. A cloudless dawn ushered in the most tremendous day in the stormy annals of the United States. The men of General Schurz's division at Emmitsburg, a village to the south of Gettysburg, were up with the lark, and the camp was all movement before the sunlight struck across the meadow and orchard land that undulated eastwards.

A delicate haze of smoke soon rose in the still air; the aroma of boiling coffee wandered abroad, and the appetising smell of fried bacon. Men gathered about the fires and chatted and joked, but not so freely, not so light-heartedly as usual. The previous six weeks had been more or less of a picnic for them. Spells of rest alternating with leisurely marches had been the pleasant order of those early summer days. It was the calm that foreruns a storm. The storm was gathering; the men dimly divined it, the officers felt its approach. But very few dreamt how imminent it was and of what terror and magnitude it would be.

"For in war," said Colonel Dodge—he was a major in the Federal Army at the time of Gettysburg — "only the commander-in-chief and a few of his subordinate generals know what is happening and the why and wherefore of every manœuvre. They sit above the chess-board and move the pieces. And the pieces go as they are moved, and march weary distances and storm terrific heights with but the vaguest notion of the strategic purpose of their activity. They know that they are forwarding some large, unfathomable scheme; its value they must take on trust. All we knew was that Lee was in Pennsylvania, and that we were marching to chase him out. And there our knowledge stopped.

"It may be that I realised the situation

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more clearly than most officers of my rank. Not only had I received my military education in one of the best schools in the world—I had been brought up with other lads for the Prussian army—but the intellectual side of war, strategy, had always been my most absorbing study, and I had often watched Kriegspiel in Berlin. Most of my brother officers, on the other hand, splendid fighters as they proved themselves to be, were comparative novices in the science of warfare.

"We started early from Emmitsburg, marching northwards. At about seven o'clock a wave of excitement swept over the column, for out of the distance came the deep, faint booming of guns. You should have seen the sudden animation that first sound of the coming storm produced among the men! Little groups marched closer together, and voices rose and fell in rapid question and answer as we strode on. Where did the firing come from? The north? No, north-west. Listen! Yes, I told you so—north-west. Buford's brigade, then? Buford's, no—Reynolds', of course—for we knew the First Corps, of which he was the commander, was in the van. Were they attacking the enemy, or acting on the defensive? It was hard to say.

"And yet, small knowledge of General Reynolds and his dashing methods—for it was indeed the sound of his guns which reached our ears—was necessary to give us a true idea that our forces were not engaged in a defensive fight. Those few of us who vaguely realised the ins and outs of the situation might well guess at something like the truth. On hearing of our advance, the Confederates had turned back in their raid into the Northern States, were approaching Gettysburg, and Reynolds was the first to meet them. If the enemy were to push him hard, we should very certainly have to bring up our whole forces against them. And then a battle would ensue which might well put all our previous battles in the shade.

"The firing grew more frequent, more insistent. Staff officers galloped by with reports from the fighting-line. We held our breath in excited suspense. We needed not to be told that we were to hurry towards the guns. The six weeks' picnic march had come to an end.

"Our division was but a part of several corps, and the column must be kept in close order. If marching makes the common soldier footsore, the officer may very well arrive at his destination with a voice as hoarse as a crow's. Up and down and up and down the line he walks or rides, repeating until the order becomes almost mechanical: 'Close up, boys! Close up, there! Close up, can't you! Close up!' For the men seem to possess a positive mania for spreading over the road and lengthening the allotted space, and once they begin to straggle and are allowed to go on unchecked, some drop out, and the column is all over the place before you know where you are.

"It is very wonderful, riding up and down that long, winding column, to study the faces of the men. They are going into desperate battle, and they know it; most of them are young, many are novices. A glance into his face at such a time will often tell you more of a man than years of companionship would do. He controls his emotion, hide it he cannot. . . . The tall, thin stripling there—no need to keep an eye on him. He is all right. His face is pale, but the eye is steady, and the firm lips betray a will that may be trusted to conquer fear. He will not run. Nor will that Irishman with the big, fat face and laughing eyes, now all aflame with excitement. Battle is a grand game to him. He fears death as little as the man—a Dutchman, I think—stolidly tramping beside him, with a face expressive of nothing but a soul too unimaginative to know the meaning of fear.

"But farther down the line, that big, loose-jointed city loafer—watch him. He throws out a loud question occasionally, his laugh is shrill, and do you see that restless movement of his eyes? He glances to the left, he glances to the right, he glances furtively over his shoulder. The poor fellow carries in his brain a frightful picture—relentless faces and a glitter of steel rushing upon him through the smoke of battle. His imagination has unmanned him before ever the fight has begun. I must not lose sight of him. He is even now looking for an opportunity to slink away.

"With every step the firing grew louder. As we marched along scraps of news reached us and filtered down from officers to men. Reynolds was furiously engaged. Since eight o'clock that morning it had been a death-struggle between him and the van of the Confederate Army. Result? Nothing definite as yet. A drawn fight, but the very blazes let loose.

"Fifty minutes' march, ten minutes' rest: such was the order of things, and it was during the first rest that thrilling news arrived. Reynolds had forced a body of the enemy across Willoughby's Run (the stream about a mile west of Gettysburg) and captured their

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commander, General Archer. Hot-foot on the top of this came the bitter word—Reynolds himself had fallen mortally wounded.

"This was a blow indeed. As a corps commander, Reynolds was unsurpassed. But he had died well. His check of the enemy's advance had been worth all but the sacrifice of his life.

"It was twelve o'clock when, having marched through Gettysburg, we first caught sight of the enemy. About a mile away, across the undulating land, their forces were gathering strength, and we could see Reynolds' corps still fighting on the left. We halted. Our turn would come next, but, in the meantime, we might well snatch an interval for dinner. Each of us carried half-a-dozen biscuits, a chunk of pork, and a linen bag filled with ground coffee and sugar mixed. Line officers and men fared alike. The pork we generally fixed on the point of a sword or bayonet and toasted it thus over the fire. Most of our swords had blue tips—the result of this ignoble duty.

"I often wondered how we managed to do all those terrific labours of marching and fighting on such slender rations. Half-a-dozen ship's biscuits and a few ounces of pork a day, and often less than that! The human animal is indeed a wonderful piece of mechanism! I do not know that I fared any worse than others, although I was once forced to do two days' heavy marching on nothing but grains of growing corn. And yet I managed, more or less, to get through the work assigned to me. Nor has my health suffered any material damage. Gettysburg was fought in 1863, and I am alive to tell the story to-day.

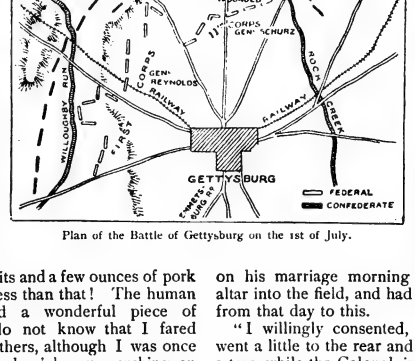
"Shortly before the fight began, an amusing mishap occurred, which might well have had very serious consequences—for me. My horse, a fresh animal, and new to battle, suddenly took fright at the sound of our batteries, which had opened fire in the rear. He quickly became unmanageable, and almost before I realised what had happened, he was galloping full tilt straight on the enemy's lines.

"Here was a predicament indeed! And I might never have taken a part in our mightiest battle but for chance and a happy sense of humour on the part of the enemy. They evidently saw the reason of my mad escapade and never fired a shot, though I came well within range. And just as I was a few hundred yards away from them, their own batteries began to shell our position, and the new sound brought my erring steed to a sense of his folly. He turned tail on the enemy, and was soon back again behind the friendly shelter of our lines.

"The time was at hand. Our line was forming up. The Confederate line had begun to creep forward. My Colonel, a deeply religious man—and this was his first battle—came up to me and said:

"'Major, this is going to be a serious affair. Won't you join me in asking Almighty God to aid us in our just cause?'

"I was profoundly touched. The Colonel was as one who fights in a holy war. So intense were his convictions, that he had gone straight from the altar into the field, and had not seen his wife from that day to this.



Plan of the Battle of Gettysburg on the 1st of July.

"I willingly consented, and together we went a little to the rear and knelt down under a tree, while the Colonel, in a few low words, called on God for the success of our arms.

"Shortly after we rose to our feet the first shot was fired . . ."

Essentially war is the same now as it was then, or several hundreds of years ago. Strategy never alters, and tactics have only slightly been modified by the improvement of modern weapons. The Americans of the Civil War fought with muzzle-loaders, and at much closer range than armies fight to-day. Smokeless powder had not been invented, and the bullets used were the size of big marbles. The battle was enshrouded in dense clouds of

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stifling smoke, and a bullet-wound was not clean and almost painless as it is to-day. Those dreadful leaden balls of fifty years ago tore the flesh and shattered the bones to splinters. It was no fun being hit, as Colonel Dodge grimly assured me. He went through the experience several times.

Before returning to the Colonel's narrative, I want you clearly to realise the situation. Look at the plan on the previous page. Schurz's division (part of Howard's corps), in which Colonel Dodge was fighting, was on the right of the line on July 1st. The Federal army later held the low, semi-circular heights north and west of Gettysburg. The Confederates advanced against their foe in an arc, more or less parallel with his. On the first of July the Federals were considerably outnumbered, as less than a third of their forces were engaged. The most they could hope to do was to hold their own until the other corps arrived.

And now to return to Colonel Dodge's story.

"The fight had begun. Between the opposing lines was a rough distance of five hundred yards. The land undulated gently, and the combatants stood in positions approximately level with each other.

"Single rifles cracked out; the whistle of single bullets passed over our heads. As yet there was little precision in the shooting. We moved forward step by step, and step by step the enemy advanced, trampling down the corn and levelling the rail fences on the way. Every moment the firing became more heavy. Already smoke drifted slowly over the almost windless fields. . . . On my left I caught, with the tail of my eye, the eager figure of one of our men, his rifle raised in the action of taking aim. He fell forward. Had he stumbled? He lay still. . . . Then another, and still another. . . .

"There was little sound but the roar of artillery. The men fought silently for the most part; the officers alone were continually shouting directions, encouragement, abuse. 'Give it 'em, boys! Give it 'em hot! Keep to the ranks! Steady, now, steady!'

"But the word that drowns all others in battle is the injunction reiterated in every tone of voice, from intreaty to mad exasperation, and embellished with every choice epithet the fertile Anglo-Saxon language has created—'Fire low, men, fire low!'

"Fire low! For in the fury of action, no matter how brave the man, no matter how steady his nerves may be, he will instinctively aim far above the heads of his enemy. The average bullet passes five or six feet too high. If a regiment could be trained to aim at its opponents' feet it would assuredly earn an enviable reputation for murderous shooting.

"Earlier in the war—at Chantilly—I remember a desperate struggle in which we fought with our backs to a spinney of young trees. After the encounter those trees had nearly all been severed by the bullets at a height of some ten feet from the ground. It was as though a giant scythe had passed through them. And, incredible as it may sound, a tree cut down at Spotsylvania—another engagement later in the war—by musketry alone, was at least two feet in diameter!

"The lines had crept closer. Three or four hundred yards divided us from the enemy now, and the distance slowly decreased. The long grey line before us showed momentarily nearer through rifts in the battle smoke, and we on our side moved slowly forward—not taking cover as soldiers do to-day, but standing to our work in line of battle. Occasionally we almost discerned the features of hostile faces. The confused shouts of Confederate officers reached our ears. . . . We had almost attained the limit of mutual advance, and then—then for the pull! For then advance on the one side must mean retreat on the other. . . .

"The fusillade became appalling in its intensity. Hundreds of murderous daggers of red flame leapt out of the dun clouds of smoke in front of us. The din had reached a climax of fury, and began to tell on the most iron nerves. To the shatter of rifles the roar of distant batteries formed, as it were, a background of thunder, and the bullets that swept overhead and past our ears added their deadly hum to the volume of this diabolical symphony.

"Men fall to right and left; death takes them suddenly; they collapse in every conceivable posture. One lurches forward with outstretched hands, as though making a grab at some invisible antagonist. Another spins round and drops all of a heap, like an exhausted Dancing Dervish, his limbs hideously twisted under him. Death puts an ungrammatical full stop to the sentence a soldier throws at his comrade; the mouth that spoke now tears the grass. You see the laugh on a man's face disappear with his jaw; he stands for a moment, as though astonished, leering horribly at the enemy.

Hands flung up the rifle to clutch at breast and throat. They rarely fall backwards, these sudden favourites of death — always forward. Perhaps in their death agonies

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Just before the battle began Colonel Dodge's horse took fright and galloped full on the enemy's lines. The Colonel might have been captured had not the horse turned back in the nick of time.

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At a critical moment in the battle Colonel Dodge had his ankle shattered. He is——

they may roll round and take a last look at the sky. They seldom scream; the man mortally wounded has no time to scream. He grunts and falls. On the fighting line, sounds of distress are rarely heard. They belong to the hospitals in the rear.

"Advance had stopped. The intervening distance had narrowed to about three hundred yards. Force had met force in a final struggle for supremacy. The side with most push must win the game. Men stood on one spot, and loaded and fired, loaded and fired mechanically into the smoke before them, loaded and fired and fell.

"It was past one o'clock. The sun burnt overhead with cruel intensity. We sweated from every pore. Our throats were parched with thirst. Water—long draughts of cold, delicious water—the very thought was maddening in its seductiveness! And not a quarter-mile away a stream flowed through the meadows. A quarter-mile did I say? Thousands of miles rather—all the distance between life and death. . . .

"We were still holding our own, although it was now clear that in this part of the battle we were heavily outnumbered. The men fought with superb obstinacy and steadiness. You can always trust the Yankee soldier to do his best. There is none to compare with him for intrepid intelligence, for pluck, for resourcefulness, for independence, for hate of failure. I have seen men, heavily repulsed, re-collect themselves, and on their own initiative and without waiting for orders, attack again and again, and succeed, just because they used their brains and did not wait to be told when to do the thing and how to do it.

"But we were fighting men of the same breed as ourselves—it was all the old English stock—every whit as brave and resourceful, perhaps better led, fired by a burning hatred of their antagonists, and just at that moment in much stronger force than our own. Nothing could long stand against the fury of their attack. I glanced along our line to the left: our men were being cruelly handled, but as yet there was little indication of faltering. I glanced to the right—yes, we were apparently holding our own. But for how long? The fusillade was increasing in intensity; for every shot we fired the enemy fired two. . . .

"*Puff!*

"What was it? On the rising ground, about a mile away to the right beyond the

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—here depicted lying helpless while the enemy are advancing full tilt upon him.

edge of the battle, a white cloud of smoke jetted out with a momentary tongue of flame.

"*Puff!*

"What did it mean?

"*Puff! Puff!*

"And then in a flash I understood. We were outflanked. The enemy had brought their guns round our right and were enfilading our lines. A new alternative had entered our calculations. For us it was no longer advance or retreat, or even stand or retreat: it was retreat or annihilation.

"I was not the only one who had seen those puffs of smoke and gauged their significance. Shells now shrieked along the line. The men knew what these meant. There was a dangerous wavering. The line was bending; it might break at any moment. When those gunners to the right found their range, nerves already overtaxed almost beyond endurance must give way. And then panic and disaster. Our only chance was to keep our heads and fall back in order, contesting every inch of ground as we conceded it.

"Too late. Shells were exploding right and left, doing little material, but incalculable moral, damage. The first symptoms of panic had set in; the line was breaking. In front the fusillade seemed to have redoubled its fury. The Confederates were moving forward. Men around me began to waver and turn. I rushed to and fro, shouting commands and intreaties, when suddenly it seemed as though the earth had been torn away from under my feet. I collapsed and fell, and at that moment our line broke to the rear.

"My head was quite clear. I knew what had happened. A bullet had passed clean through my ankle and shattered the bone to splinters.

"So there was I on the ground, between two fires, absolutely incapable of rising, and the victorious Confederates were advancing full tilt upon me. You may be sure 'I lay low and said nuffin!' I could see our men slowly falling back, and here and there turning to fire a shot into the pursuing enemy. It was a bitter thing to be lying there at such a moment, when our side was in need of every available officer.

"Shouting and hurrahing, the Confederates moved past me, paying no heed to the thousands of dead and wounded on the ground. I raised myself on my elbow and looked after them. They never paused; unchecked, their line swept into the distance;

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the shouting grew fainter, the firing far away. What was to be the result of it all? How had the battle fared in other quarters of the field? Things looked sombre enough in all conscience. But, somehow, never during the days that followed, and in spite of the ominous rumours that reached me, did I for one moment lose hope of our ultimate victory.

"'Now then,' you —— Yank, hand over that sword.'

"I looked round. A Confederate straggler of villainous appearance stood over me. But an officer does not yield his sword to a soldier. So I drew my revolver and told the man to go to blazes.

"He raised his rifle to club me. But a sharp 'Quit that!' from behind brought the rifle harmlessly to the ground. The interruption came from a Confederate officer. With a stinging rebuke he sent the rascal packing, and courteously required me to deliver up my sword.

"This formality having been complied with, my captor said that he would try to find me house-room in a farm about half a mile away. I thanked him and he cantered off.

"At last I had time to examine my injury. Ripping off my riding-boot, I bound my shattered ankle as best I could. I never realised for a moment that the wound would ultimately necessitate the amputation of my leg. And, as a matter of fact, had surgical aid been at hand, I should in all probability be walking on a stiff ankle to-day. But I had been left on the outskirts of the battle, and the surgeons were in the thick of it, and even then with infinitely more work than they could cope with.

"At this juncture a Federal drummer-boy walked past me, sobbing bitterly. I hailed him with joy.

"'Hallo, Tommy!' I called, 'what's wrong? You'd better stay right here with me.'

"This dried his tears, and I sent him in search of someone to assist me to Rock Creek, the stream whose willows I could see off on the right. I wanted to bathe my ankle in order to keep down any inflammation.

"Shortly afterwards he returned with a Confederate soldier, and with an arm over the shoulders of each, I slowly hopped to the stream.

"'See here, mister,' said the man, 'I guess you've no further use for that spur yonder.'

"That was true enough. I had left my ripped-up boot, spur and all, where I had fallen. My spurs, I may mention, were rather valuable articles of the elaborate Mexican design.

"'No. You can have it if you like,' I said, little dreaming what consequences this easy act of generosity held in store for me.

"The man thanked me, and made off, and it was not long before the Confederate officer returned. He had found me quarters in the farm. But as I was still busy bathing my ankle, he sat down beside me, and we chatted together for a while. Until then I had not taken much stock of his appearance; now, as we talked, something in his face struck me as being familiar.

"'Haven't we met before?' I asked. 'I seem to know your face.'

"'Why, that was the very question I was about to ask you,' he replied. 'Were you ever in Heidelberg?'

"And then it all came back to us. A few years before we had both been studying at Heidelberg University, had become slightly acquainted in the lecture rooms, and used to nod to each other in the street. And now we had met again, thousands of miles away, on one of the bloodiest battlefields of modern times, bitter, irreconcilable enemies, Confederate and Federal, I his prisoner, he my captor! It was strange as a fairy tale!

"After this we warmed to each other, and chatted eagerly over old times, and when a stretcher came up, and I was carried to the farm, he gave me, as a parting gift, something that was just then worth its weight in gold.

"'It's a morphine pill, Major Dodge,' he said. 'I oughtn't really to give it to you, as we haven't enough for our own wounded. But then —we were students in Heidelberg together!'

"Well, all things considered, I had cause to be thankful. There was my wound, of course, and the loss of my sword, but as a set-off I had a roof over my head and a morphine pill in my pocket. I was passably certain of one night's rest.

"My quarters were not at all uncomfortable. I had a room and a mattress all to myself. At first I was the only officer in the place. There were a few wounded Confederates and several Federals.

"And then there was François.

"He was a Federal soldier of French extraction. I found him hovering about the farm on my arrival. He was unwounded, and, as far as I could make out, he had never been taken prisoner. His presence at the farm was often challenged by passing Confederates, but he always managed to get out of the difficulty by saying that he was my servant. What I should have done without him I do not know. He was not a particularly intelligent fellow, but he served me well those four days, and I remember him with gratitude.

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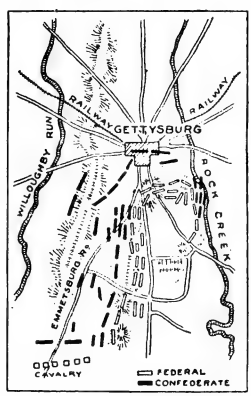
"At six o'clock an event occurred. General Barlow, who commanded a division which had fought side by side with ours, was brought into the farm shot through the body. He had come to grief a little later than myself, and from him I learnt the most recent authentic news from the battlefield. It was anything but reassuring. The retreat, of which I had witnessed the opening stages, had developed into something like disaster. Our whole right had been driven with frightful carnage into Gettysburg, and the enemy had captured thousands of prisoners.

"General Barlow was for a short time an inmate of our farm. If his entry had been dramatic, his exit was, in the finest sense of the word, romantic—a beautiful episode amid all the horror of those dreadful days. His wife, who was devoted to him, had followed him when he went out to war. During the battle she had remained in the rear waiting for the moment when he might need her assistance, and hearing later that he had fallen, the brave woman determined to find him. Through the flying, panic-stricken Federals, through the pursuing Confederates, drunk with slaughter and victory, she had made her way, and early on July 2nd, found the general in our farm. Lucky man! It was not long before she spirited him away into more comfortable quarters."



Plan of Gettysburg on July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th.

July 1st had, as we have seen, been a day of almost unmitigated defeat for the Federals. Their only hope now lay in the strong position they had taken up on the range of hills which curves in the shape of a fishhook south of Gettysburg, and in the reinforcements with which their depleted lines were continually being augmented. A glance at the plan on this page will give you a good idea of the scene of battle, and the positions of the two armies on July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th.

On July 2nd the sanguinary struggle was resumed, with results hardly more favourable to the Federal arms, and at sundown there was some talk among the commanders as to the advisability of beating a hasty retreat. Finally, however, they decided to stand firm, and challenge Fate on the spot. Surely the god of battles was the president of that council!

Meanwhile, Colonel Dodge lay helpless in his farm, and aching for news. On the evening of the 1st, he had heard the roar of artillery gradually dying down. Night had followed and silence. Had the Federals been smashed? Had they rallied? Were they, even now, retreating under cover of darkness? All the tidings he could glean were brought by chance Confederate officers, who dropped into the farm for a moment's friendly chat, and invariably sought to cheer the wounded man with harrowing stories of the all but utter annihilation of the Federal army.

"I just nodded and smiled," said Colonel Dodge. "I did not believe their statements, but held my tongue. Time and again during the ensuing days I dispatched François in search of authentic news. As I have said, intelligence was not his strong point. He could not go far, and returned with long, rambling stories, which left me little the wiser, and on the whole I preferred to trust to the evidence of my own ears. The sound of battle all through July 2nd and 3rd never receded. It rose at times to a climax of fury, at times it sank almost into silence, but it never grew more distant. This was all but proof positive that our army had rallied, and was holding its own.

"Our commissariat at the farm was in no very flourishing condition. For myself, I managed to eke out a slender existence on a ship's biscuit a day. I do not think the others fared any better. François occasionally went foraging about the neighbourhood of the farm, and returned with scraps of food which he had found in the haversacks of the dead.

"And yet, we might all of us have fared like kings, but for the irony of Fate. It was like this: François came to me on the morning of the 3rd. We were pretty well at the end of our tether; the dead had been squeezed for all they were worth; our stock of biscuits was almost exhausted. We knew not where to turn.

"'There are some ducks in the garret, sir,' said François.

"'Ducks? What do you mean?'

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"'Yes, sir. I heard them quacking. But I can't get in. The door is locked.'

"I sent for the farmer.

"'See here, my man,' I said, 'you are hiding some ducks in the garret.'

"He owned to it. Like a wise fellow he had carried the birds there on the approach of the rival armies.

"Well, we were starving, so I 'commandeered' those ducks, and François, who like most Frenchmen had a turn for the art of cooking, set about plucking and roasting them with the least possible delay.

"Shall I ever forget the savoury odours that rose to my nostrils from the kitchen during François' operations? How many of you have known the meaning of real hunger—hunger which has ceased to be a mere longing, hunger which has become an actual pain? And then to smell, not roast beef or even roast fowl—but roast duck! I tell you that had it not been for our wounds, we fellows would all of us have stormed the kitchen and devoured those birds, bones and all, before they were half ready!

"But, alas! we were not the only men who smelt those roasting ducks! Some Confederate stragglers passing the farm sniffed the air. They made a bee-line for the kitchen, and came upon the industrious François.

"'Hello, Yank! What have you got here?'

"François turned on them with an open mouth, and then—was there ever such a fool since the world began?—stammered: 'Cooking dinner for a *Federal* officer!'

"He had only to say *Confederate* and those men would have cleared out as quickly as they had entered. He said *Federal*, and they promptly helped themselves to all those beautiful ducks—and not one of us had so much as a bite!

"Was there ever such a failure in mendacity?

"At about 1 p.m. on July 3rd, the roar of battle suddenly reached a pitch of intensity as though all the clouds of Heaven had launched their thunders over that tortured field. I had only once heard the like before—at Malvern Hill—and I wondered in excited suspense what dreadful turn the battle was taking. For over two hours the majestic sound continued with unabated fury, and then died down into silence—a silence of the dead. . . ."

What had happened was this: The Confederates, after repeated attempts to break the Federal flanks, had staked their all on one supreme assault on the hostile centre. Under cover of a hundred and fifty guns—to which the Federals could only reply with eighty—the heroic Southerners made their final charge. It broke like a wave on the rock-like steadfastness of the Northerners—and the battle of Gettysburg was virtually over.

But it was only the next day that Colonel Dodge knew to a certainty that his army had won. François, whom he had dispatched for news, came rushing into the room, his eyes alight with excitement. Long trains of wagons, he said, were filing down the roads to the west of Gettysburg—the enemy's baggage being brought to the rear.

"Then," said Colonel Dodge, "I knew that the day was ours; but if any doubt still lingered in my mind, it was dispelled the morning of the 5th, when I learnt from François and others that the Confederate army was moving off. The long battle was finished; we had held our own, but with what agony and at what a cost!"

It is pleasant to be able to round off with a charming episode and a happy ending this grim story of one of the most stubbornly contested battles the world has ever seen—a battle in which one man in every three was hit.

At about noon on July 5th, Francois astonished Colonel Dodge by informing him that an ambulance had arrived at the farm, sent especially for himself.

How on earth had they heard of his plight? The solution was simple. You remember the spur Colonel Dodge gave to the Confederate straggler? As the man was walking off with it he was hailed by a wounded officer lying on the ground.

"Where did you get that spur from?"

"Given me by a Yank yonder."

"Wounded?"

"Yes."

The speaker was none other than the colonel of Dodge's regiment. He had recognised the spur; and, afterwards, when he got within the Union lines, his first care had been to send a special ambulance in search of his friend.

There was, after this, no more fighting for Colonel Dodge. The wound in his ankle necessitated the amputation of his leg. But for many years he served his country in other capacities than with the sword.

"A short while ago," he told me, "I visited Gettysburg. All is very peaceful and prosperous there to-day. The farmhouse where I lay wounded has changed hands, but otherwise it is much the same as it was. Beautiful monuments have been erected on those fiercely-contested heights—

'And oh! how thick the corn
Along the battlefield!'"

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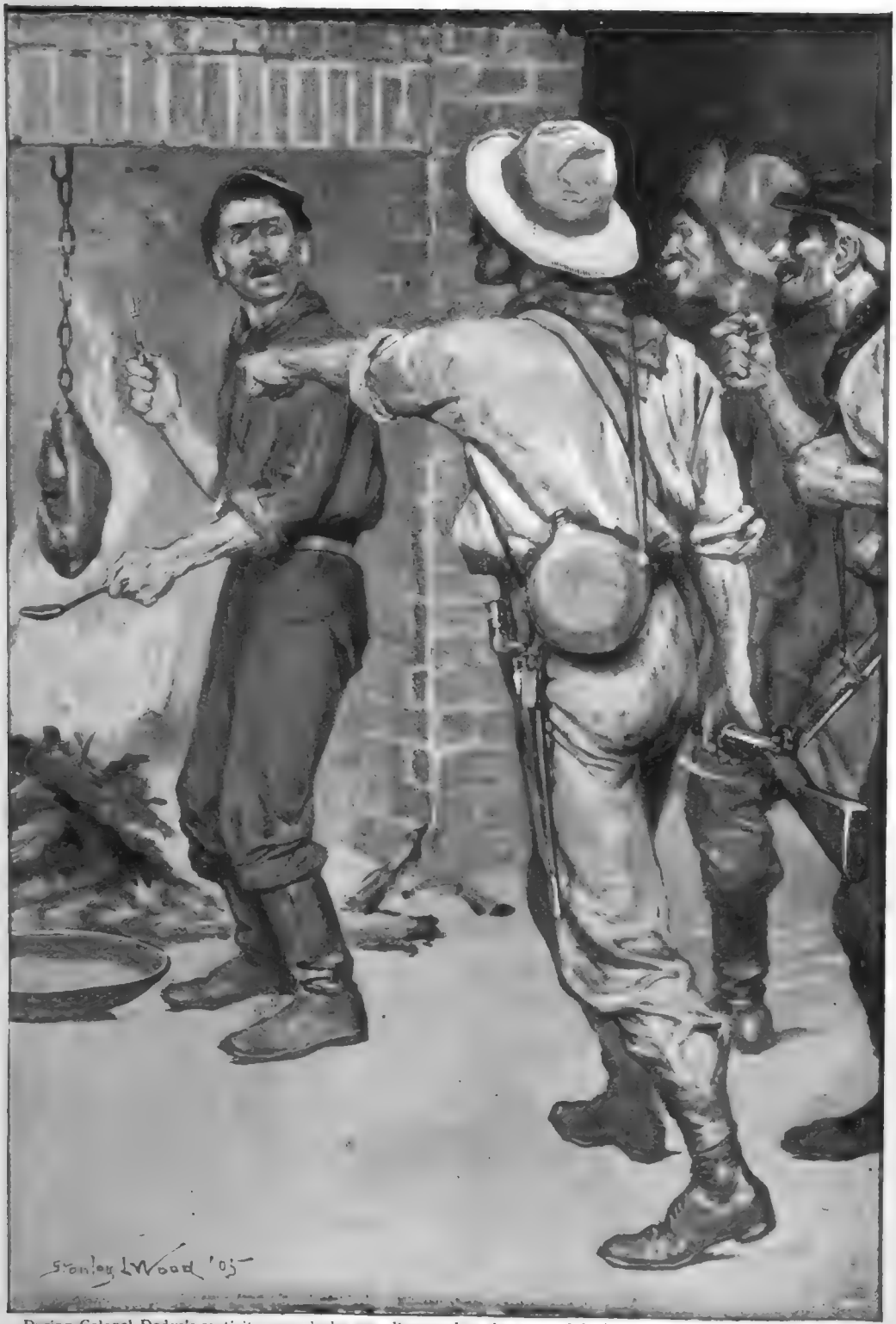

During Colonel Dodge's captivity some ducks were discovered in the garret of the farmhouse in which he was imprisoned. They were being cooked one day for the almost starving prisoners, when a party of Confederate stragglers broke into the kitchen and commandeered the lot!

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KID MINOR'S DIARY OF A DAY.

A Schoolboy's Account of How a Day is Spent.

By Guy Pocock.

6.45 a.m.—That confounded bell already! It always rings just when I particularly don't want to be woke. Dared Baldwin minor to get up; which he did, the silly little ass. Shall kick him later.

6.46-7.10.—Slept.

7.11.—Obliged to get up. Soaked my sponge and tooth-brush while dressing, for the sake of appearance (a jolly good idea; and nobody knows it but me and Winn). Hair still short—doesn't want brushing, thank Heaven!

Hair doesn't want brushing.

7.15-8.—Early prep.; but it's only old Carr. Finished dressing and ate chocolate creams.

8.5.—Breakfast; horrid muck as usual. Warned Baldwin minor not to look at me like that again, by Jove! The chap sort of looks reproachful, and puts you off your breakfast.

Baldwin minor blubbing.

8.30.—Winn and I mended my tyre. Also punctured Baldwin mi's with a drawing-pin.

8.35.—Explained to Baldwin mi—who had been watching—that a chap with a face like that ought to be awfully thankful he was allowed to live. No wonder his tyre got punctured. (Rather good I think, and not too personal.)

8.50.—Watched Baldwin mi fairly blubbing, and felt rather a beast.

8.53.—Gave him six chocolate creams, all but three unbitten.

9.15.—Latin hour. What jolly interesting conversations the Romans seem to have had! Somebody comes in and says: "The husbandmen will have ploughed," and then Balbus or some fool answers: "I advise, thou advisest, he advises"; and a third one chips in with a Supine in Um, or some Tommy-rot. But I suppose it's good for your brain.

10.—Got to write it out—shall do it in French.

10.45.—Visited my silkworms. All dead. I had forgotten all about them since Thursday week. That's the worst of silkworms—if you don't practically sit and watch them grow they'll starve, and if you do feed them regularly—like Winn does—the bally things burst just before they are ripe, and score off you that way.

11.15.—French with old Carr. Arranged a French dictionary and four exercise books with some skill as a sort of shelter-trench, and began Latin imposition.

11.30.—People giggling; old Carr has probably made a joke. I look up, and fairly shout with laughter. Old C. much bucked. On with Latin imposition.

11.40.—Old C. appears to have jibed again; I suppose I had better seem interested.

11.41-11.43.—Seemed interested as loud as I could.

11.44.—Appears that it wasn't a joke, after all. Rather awkward. I fairly screamed with laughter, too—and all by myself. Explained that I was laughing at his last joke again. It "took" all right; but poor old Winn exploded.

11.50.—Finished Latin impot. Shall now attend.

11.52.—Got French to write out. Shall never attend again.

The Latin Lesson.

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Looking at my silk-worms.

However, shall not write it out—old C. always forgets.

12-1.—Greek grammar with the major. No chance of slacking with the major, worse luck.

1.5.—Lunch—so-called. Potatoes as hard as bricks and pudding no use at all.

1.25.—Thank Heaven, it's grub tickets to-day! Had practically forgotten it.

1.30-2.—Thought about grub.

2.5.—Thought of spending half on sherbet and half on something sticky.

2.6-2.10.—Wavering.

2.11.—Decided on sherbet and King Solomon's Braces. I love them, because you can pull them out for yards and yards.

2.30-4.—Footer. Had a rattling good game. I played awfully rippingly. The Captain of Footer came down and watched for a few minutes, and I could practically swear he looked at me once when I had the ball, if not twice.

During the French lesson.

4.10.—Changed. Winn has two hacks on his shins and I have three. He is horribly sick.

Playing "footer."

4.30.—GRUB arrived!

4.45.—K. S. Braces a success. Winn put all his in at once, and hasn't spoken for ten minutes.

4.50.—An idea made by Winn and me—to give old man Pecker a spoonful of sherbet and tell him it is caster sugar. Laughed to ourselves.

4.52.—Did it.

4.53.—Old man Pecker is putting it all in his mouth at once!

4.53½.—Glorious success! The poor old thing is fairly flying round the room, foaming at the mouth just like a fit! He has just dashed off to the matron.

4.59.—Heard matron scream. Much joy.

5-5.10.—Laughed.

5.11-5.15.—Laughed again.

5.30.—Tea. Smith away; bagged his jam. Thank goodness for that.

6.—Nothing to do. Got beastly bored.

6.5.—Decided to rag old man Pecker again. It's a rummy thing about Pecker; he's in a horrid funk of Winn and me always, and yet he is as big as us, and we never bully him. I suppose it's the shape of his head or something.

6.6.—Decided to make Pecker dance.

6.7.-6.15.—Pecker is dancing. Can't think why on earth he obeys us! You never knew such an ass!

6.16.—Idea by Winn. To make him say "Cockatoo!" at every fourth step.

6.17.—Great success! By Jove! you never saw such a sight! The chap must be——

6.20.—Old Carr came in and asked Pecker what he was doing. The silly ass funks us more than he funks old C., so he just went on dancing and saying "Cockatoo!" Old C. asked us what was the matter, and Winn said he thought it was overwork! Old C. said: "Poor boy!" and took Aunty Pecker to his study.

6.30-6.40.—Rolled on the floor with joy.

6.41.—Armstrong, one of our prefects, has hauled us up in ten minutes for bullying Pecker. Didn't know it was bullying, hang it all!

6.43.—Hang it all.

6.44-6.50.—Imagined myself fighting Armstrong, and fairly knocking him to bits.

6.50.—Went to A.'s study with Winn. Got four each. Didn't blub.

6.54.—Gave Aunty Pecker remains of K. S. Braces. He wouldn't take it at first, because he thought he was going to foam. Said I was sorry, and it's all right.

8-8.—Prep. Did a rattling good drawing of Admiral Boko taking the Polarbearski by himself. Winn pricked his finger and did the blood.

8.15.—Bed. Finished writing diary. Shan't keep it again—too much fag. Lyndhurst match to-morrow!

Pecker dancing.

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THE HUNTED HIPPO OF THE THAMES

The Story of the Panic Caused by a Hippopotamus that Got Loose in the River.

By A. E. Johnson.

A warm summer's night, succeeding a day of cloudless July sunshine, and three of us sprawling in deck chairs, at peace with all the world, within a little riverside camp on the island above Old Windsor Lock.

We were late turning in; for, arriving after dark at camp, after a long day's excursion up stream in the skiff, we had tarried some time over supper, and now the warm night, brilliantly lit by the broad-faced moon, made us loth to leave our chairs. A nightingale was trilling in a bush near by. The rushing waters of the distant weir lulled us with the subdued music of their roar. The air was still, and the smoke of tobacco curled silently upward, like fragrant incense before the genius of the night.

It was past midnight when at length we knocked the ashes from our pipes, and, unrolling the blankets, prepared in leisurely fashion for bed. Brewer was the last to wrap himself up, and I can see his muffled figure now, towering above me as I lay stretched on the floor, and casting a huge, shapeless shadow upon the canvas of the tent in the flickering lamp-light.

"Douse the glim before you lie down," said Sandall, settling himself for sleep.

Brewer, still standing, leant towards the lamp. His hand was on the extinguisher when a crash, as of some fearful catastrophe close at hand, fell upon our startled ears. It sounded like the falling of a tent, and the wreckage of the furniture within.

Sandall and I sat up in our rugs.

"What's that?" asked Brewer breathlessly.

"Tent blown down," said Sandall, with a catch in his voice.

"Nonsense," said I. "There's not a breath of wind." I confess I felt uneasy. A vague fear seemed to have seized the three of us.

"Look out and see what's up," said Sandall.

Brewer had already slipped off the blankets he had wrapped round him, and leaping over my outstretched legs, he disappeared through the flap of the tent door. I heard a gurgling, inarticulate cry. Then Brewer's face was thrust abruptly in. Ashen, with starting eyes and dropping jaw, the look upon it struck terror into me.

"Quick, quick," was all he could gasp out.

Sandall was at the door in a bound, and, kicking off my wraps, I was close at his shoulder. On the ground, but fifteen yards away, lay huddled the *débris* of our store tent. Standing on the white canvas, his shape looming huge and terrible in the clear, cold moonbeams, was an immense hippopotamus!

Now the hippopotamus, though one may laugh at his ungainly clumsiness when viewing him from the safe side of the bars at a menagerie, is not the sort of brute that one cares to meet, unarmed, at close quarters. Even at the Zoo, with a stout railing between, one shrinks instinctively from too near

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proximity to the ponderous frame and fearful jaws. Consequently, three men in pyjamas, suddenly confronted, at dead of night, with such an apparition as that which met our eyes when we burst out of the sleeping tent, may be pardoned for seeking safety in flight.

To be brief, we took to our heels.

The hippo saw us, and seemed as though about to start in pursuit. Fortunately—for the river-horse, I am told, can gallop with amazing speed on land, despite his apparent unwieldiness—his feet were entangled in a network of guy ropes, which had been torn up when he walked into them, and brought the tent toppling about his clumsy carcase. So he abandoned the idea of giving chase, and bestirred himself to extricate his feet from the tangle.

From a safe distance we watched our unwelcome intruder walk slowly through the camp. Every moment we expected to see him bring down a second tent; but, avoiding another catastrophe, he turned as if to walk across the island.

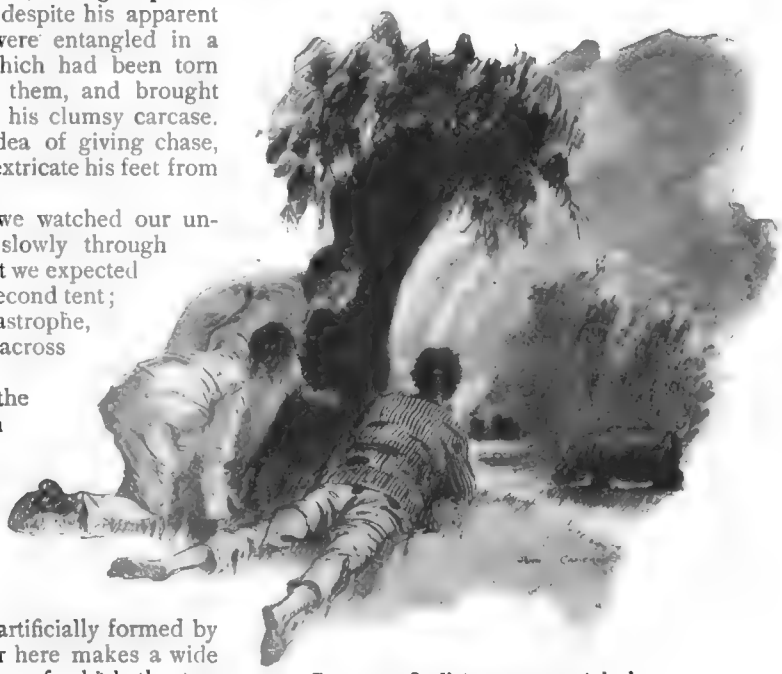
Now, our camp lies on the top of the bank which forms one side of the cutting between lock and weir at Old Windsor. The island, as frequenters of the Windsor-Datchet-Staines reaches will be aware, is artificially formed by this lock-cut. The river here makes a wide detour, describing a loop, of which the two ends are but a short distance apart. The lock-cut joins these two points, and thereby shortens the water route between Datchet and Staines. The main stream, which the casual stranger, coming up stream from the Bells of Ousely, takes for a big backwater, flows from the weir round the far side of the large island thus formed, and is seldom explored, even by picnic parties. Usually it is quite deserted.

Behind this bank, but at a lower level than the camp, lies a broad stretch of cultivated land, and into this, down the short slope, the hippo plunged. Cautiously creeping back to the half-demolished camp, under cover of the iron kitchen we watched the huge brute slowly trampling a way towards the main stream. And presently we saw him disappear into the shadow of the belt of trees fringing the far bank.

They were pale and frightened faces which we turned to one another in the moonlight. So far no word had passed between us. Not a man had dared to take his eyes off our fearful visitant. But as the latter vanished upon the far side of the field, the tension was momentarily relaxed.

Sandall drew a deep breath. He gasped like one fighting for air.

"Well, I'm——." He paused irresolutely in his speech.



From a safe distance we watched our unwelcome intruder.

"Where'd it come from?"

The question burst from all three simultaneously. None could answer. We were silent—dumfounded.

"Must have escaped," suggested Brewer at length.

I shook my head. "Where from? The Zoo's twenty miles and more away, and it's rare to find a hippopotamus in a travelling menagerie, even if there were one of those about."

There was silence again.

"I suppose," began Sandall hesitatingly. "I suppose we *did* see a hippopotamus?"

Brewer and I stared at him with amazement.

"I mean," he went on apologetically, "we can't have dreamt it all by any chance?"

"Don't talk through your hat, Sandall,"

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said Brewer irritably. "D'you suppose it's likely we'd all go and dream the same thing at the same time? Perhaps you think this wet grass is all a dream too?"

"Or the tent there for that matter," I put in, pointing to the tangled mass of canvas and ropes upon the ground.

We walked across and surveyed the wreckage. That seemed realistic enough, as we gazed at it ruefully.

Brewer knelt down, and began to fumble under the canvas.

"If you still think we dreamt the whole business," he said, laboriously extricating an empty packing-case from the ruins, "perhaps you might like to investigate the weir stream and make sure it was only a phantom hippopotamus we saw vanish among the trees."

Sandall said nothing, but he did not move.

"But if that idea doesn't appeal to you," continued Brewer, as he groped on the ground, "you might make yourself useful, and find the hatchet I saw you playing with this morning."

"What's the move?" I asked.

"Light a fire," said Brewer. "That ought to keep the brute off. I don't care to turn in again with the chance of a hippopotamus—even a dream one—treading on my face while I sleep."

Soon we had a bonfire crackling and spluttering in the room of the demolished tent, and, sitting round this, we kept an anxious vigil through the night, fearful at every sound, scared at the frequent shapes which our disordered fancy imagined in the black shadows cast by the moonlight in the distant belt of trees.

When morning came we took counsel together. What to do? "Fetch a policeman," suggested Sandall. That seemed absurd. One cannot arrest a hippopotamus on a charge of vagrancy in the Thames. Then Brewer had a luminous idea.

"Wire the police at Windsor, and tell them to bring some keepers from the park with firearms."

No better course presenting itself, with a crust of bread apiece and some biscuits to stave off the hunger pangs, the three of us—for none cared to remain behind—set out for Old Windsor. On the way we knocked up the lock-keeper, and told our tale. By the look of him, I fancy he took us at first for lunatics. Finding we were rational, a suspicion evidently came to him that we were playing an elaborate practical joke. He intimated as much in language which was more terse than polite; but, as we still stuck to our point, he at length became serious.

It had occurred to me that the hippopotamus might possibly swim down from the weir—if it had not already done so—in which case it would regain the ordinary traffic stream just below the lock. I suggested this to the lock-keeper.

"Aye," said he, "but if he's not gone by yet, I'll watch for him."

"And if he has gone by," I added, "he'll get pulled up at Bell Weir. He can't get past the lock there, unless he lands as he did last night. There's no missing him if he does!"

It seemed advisable, however, to warn the folk at Bell Weir to be on the alert, and the lock-keeper sent his youngster off, post haste, on his bicycle to carry the news. Meanwhile we pushed on to Old Windsor. It was early yet, and if Master Hippo could be trapped or shot before the river began to get crowded, much serious trouble might be averted.

Arrived at the village, we sought out the post-office. There was some delay before the telegraph-clerk could be hunted up, but eventually we got our message through:

Hippopotamus loose in river near Old Windsor Lock. Send force of armed keepers.

I would have given much to see the face of the superintendent at Windsor when he received that telegram. If it at all resembled that of the clerk who sent it over the wires, it must have been a rare study in expression.

We waited at the office for a reply. Several messages and explanations had to be exchanged; but at length we got word that a posse of constables and keepers would be dispatched to the island without delay.

I might write a whole story descriptive of the hunt which ensued over the island when the force arrived. But with so much else to tell, the fewest words must suffice. Enough to say that *not a trace* of our previous night's visitor could be found! The ground was parched and hard from the drought of a blazing July, and even on the field behind the camp no "spoor" was visible.

The searchers ranged the entire island, and in boats explored the whole devious course of the weir stream. They could discover nought, and at the lock it was reported that nothing had passed since the morning. It seemed at first that the brute must have gone down stream in the night. But a message from Bell Weir reported all clear there, and it was inconceivable that the hippo, if he were really somewhere between the two

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locks, should have escaped observation. It was late in the day by this time, and the reach was full of pleasure craft, small and big.

The lock-keeper's morning suspicions were renewed, while the police inspector, who had come over in command of the hunting-party, was sceptical in the most outspoken manner. He evidently considered the whole business an elaborate hoax on our part, and, without mincing his words, he said so. No protestations of ours could shake his conviction that the Windsor police had been "had," and he drew off his men (who had meanwhile cost us heavily in beer) with sinister suggestions as to our "hearing more about it."

We began almost to doubt our own *bona fides*. In the broad light of day our experiences of the night before assumed a different aspect. Had we really seen the hippopotamus? Or was Sandall right, and had the whole thing been a horrid nightmare? Extraordinary as the brute's appearance on the banks of the peaceful Thames had been, its disappearance was more mysterious still. We began to make up our minds, somewhat crestfallen, that our senses had played us a trick.

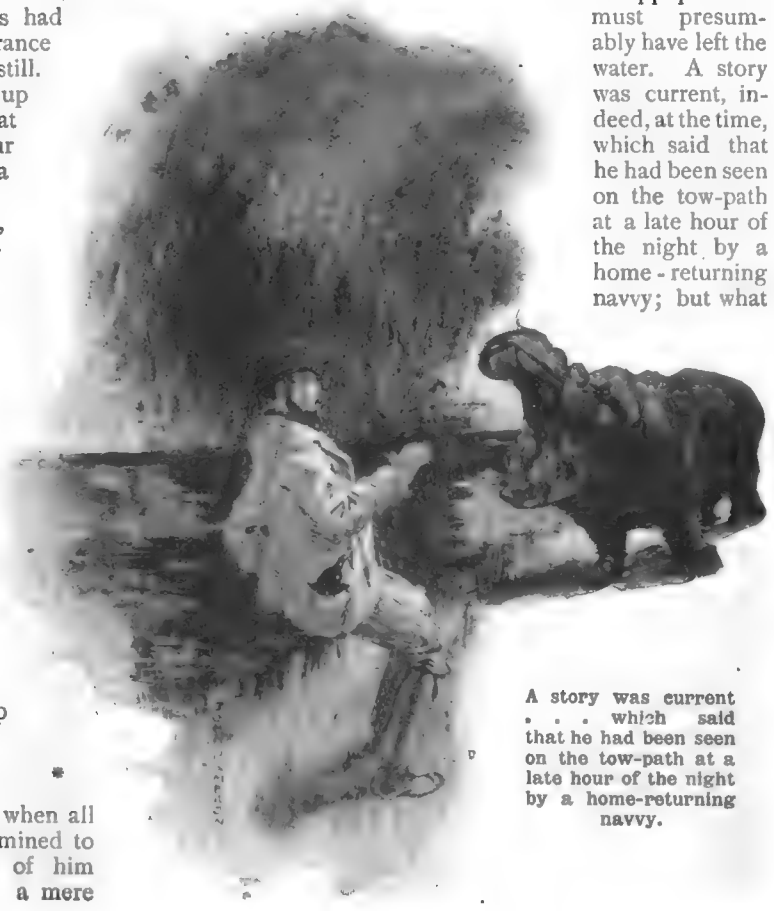
There remained, nevertheless, the demolished tent to account for; and there was perhaps no cause for surprise in the unanimous accord with which we packed our rugs and took train to Staines, in order to sleep the night under the protecting roof of a hotel. Our nerves, we felt, were too shaken to render a night in camp comfortable.

* * * *

That same night, when all concerned had determined to dismiss the thought of him from their minds, as a mere fantasy of the brain, the hunted hippo of the Thames emerged from his hiding-place in the weir stream, and swam leisurely down towards Bell Weir.

How came the search party to overlook his lair during the day? Neither Sandall, Brewer, nor I can conjecture. This much, however, I learnt lately from a famous hunter of African big game—that the hippopotamus, whose activity is nocturnal, is wont to sleep for the greater part of the day, sometimes basking in the sun upon the river bank, more often submerged, save for protruding nose and eyes, in a sequestered pool. It is easy to conceive that our quarry, if thus concealed in some small gully or backwater, might well have escaped the notice of the beaters; more especially since the latter were expecting to come upon an unwieldy monster which would need no careful looking for.

At Bell Weir, or in the immediate neighbourhood of the lock, the hippopotamus must presumably have left the water. A story was current, indeed, at the time, which said that he had been seen on the tow-path at a late hour of the night by a home-returning navvy; but what



A story was current . . . which said that he had been seen on the tow-path at a late hour of the night by a home-returning navvy.

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amount of truth the tale contained I could never properly ascertain.

In the light of subsequent events, however, it would seem that the brute must have come ashore—as on our island at Old Windsor the previous evening—somewhere near Bell Weir, upon the tow-path side, and taking to the river again early next morning beyond the lock, must have secreted himself for the earlier part of the day in some unfrequented backwater.

* * * * *

The scene now shifts to the Laleham Reach, on the afternoon of the following day, Saturday. Staines Regatta was in full swing, and the river below the railway bridge was crammed with pleasure craft: a pretty scene, a brilliant scene, indeed, many hued and animated, as viewed from the pleasant balcony of the Pack Horse Hotel, where at teatime the three of us—Sandall, Brewer, and myself—were snugly ensconced round a table just above the water's edge.

Earlier in the afternoon, while paddling down the course, I had met the Mordaunts; but, on the score of not wishing to desert my companions, had managed to excuse myself from accepting an invitation to join their party at tea. It was but a few minutes ago, as we secured our table on the balcony, that I had waved my hat to them—two boat-loads—as they went up stream in search of a quiet nook under the willows.

In the light of after events, I regret sometimes that I did not elect to join them, instead of staying with the other two. On the other hand, I should then have missed the no less amazing things which happened later. From Tom Mordaunt I had a graphic account of that adventurous tea-party. It seems they went some distance up stream before they found a convenient spot; but eventually lighted upon a secluded by-stream, on the far side of a small island. They pulled into the bank, made fast to the willows, and spread tea.

"We were just about through with tea," said Tom, "and some of the others were feeding a couple of swans that were cadging crumbs alongside. I was sitting in the stern of our boat next to Milly Rendall. She's one of those girls, as I daresay you know if you've ever been in a boat with her, with a trick of continually dabbling her hands in the water. She was doing it at the time, I remember. Presently I noticed that the swans seemed to be uneasy. They fidgeted in the water, so to speak, and all of a sudden flapped their wings with a great commotion, and flew off screaming.

"'What's the matter with the swans?' asked the mater.

"I was just opening my mouth to reply, when Milly, who had been lounging back on the cushions and staring into the water, sat bolt upright and clutched me by the arm. Over went the stretcher we had laid across our knees, and smash went the cups and saucers, of course.

"I was on the point of expressing myself with monosyllabic terseness, when I caught sight of Milly's face. Whew! I thought she'd gone mad! She was still clutching me by the arm with one hand, but with the other she was pointing down into the water. Her eyes were bulging, and if ever I saw mortal terror in a girl's face, I saw it then.

"Naturally my eyes followed her pointing finger. The water was very clear, and one could see the bottom plainly. I had just time to catch sight of a large, shapeless mass in the water, when the boat rocked in a heavy, eddying swirl, and with a loud, blowing noise up came the huge head of a hippopotamus, close alongside, not six feet away!

"I tell you, man, it was awful! the brute looked *huge*, absolutely HUGE! I heard the mater gasp, and some of the girls shrieked. And before we could any of us do anything—we were all paralysed with fright—it opened its jaws. Gosh! you never saw such a mouth: big enough to swallow the whole boat, with tusks a yard long, and a great pink tongue like a lump of flabby butcher's meat. I don't know whether the brute was just yawning, or whether it wanted to be fed—rather a humorous idea, a hippopotamus begging for a bun—but naturally we all thought it was coming for us.

"I'm not sure what made me do it—I suppose it was instinct to make a weapon of the nearest thing handy. Anyway, I snatched up a scull—nearly went overboard in doing so, for Milly's clutch on my arm was like a vice—and standing up, caught the hippo a thundering good smack over the nose with the blade.

"I don't know whether I hit him on a soft part, but evidently he didn't like it. His jaws closed with a tremendous snap, and I expected him to charge. Instead, however, he sank down under water, nearly capsizing us with the wash he created, and disappeared. I felt pretty bad for a few moments, not being sure what would happen next.

"But when he rose again he was in mid-stream, and as far as I could see was swimming

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rapidly towards Staines. He dived out of sight almost at once, so I could not be certain; but as we managed to get the mater and girls ashore—they were in a pretty rocky state, as you can imagine—without further accident, I suppose he must have been fed up by that smack on the nose."

* * * * *

The remarkable events recorded in Mordaunt's narrative must have happened about half-past four o'clock. At a quarter to five the three of us were still sitting on the Pack Horse balcony. The other tables were deserted; the river immediately before us—above the railway bridge, that is—was clear. For the racing was about to be resumed, and all the company had betaken itself once more on to the course. None of our trio, however, had any special interest in the different events, and being comfortably situated, we lingered on the balcony to smoke over a last cup of tea.

"It must have been the tinned salmon," said Brewer.

"Or the veal and ham pie," added Sandall. "One more cup, please, if there's anything left in the pot."

"Obviously must have been something of which we *all* ate a share," I remarked as I poured out the dregs, "or we shouldn't *all* have had dreams. What beats me is that every one of us should dream the same thing. Why the dickens should a hippopotamus haunt the slumbers of each?"

"Telepathy, I suppose," said Brewer. "Deuced funny, though. Fact, I can't believe yet that we *didn't* see a hippopotamus."

"Seemed like a dream to me at the time," said Sandall—"a nightmare, if you like. Seems so more than ever now." He nipped the point off a cigar as he spoke, struck a match, and dreamily puffed a cloud of blue smoke into the air.

There was silence for a few moments. Then Brewer laughed.

"What a jest," he exclaimed, "if it were *not* a dream, and our pachydermatous friend were to turn up now—in the midst of the regatta!"

"Hardly likely," drawled Sandall. "If there had really been a——" He broke off suddenly, and his cigar fell with a sizzle into his cup.

"Is that done to improve the tea or the cigar?" asked Brewer.

Sandall made no answer. He had half risen from his seat, and was looking fixedly at the middle of the river. I felt a shiver run down my spine.

"What the deuce are you staring at?" asked Brewer testily. "Anyone would think you were——"

"THERE!" Sandall's ejaculation rang out sharply, and he jerked his arm forward.

Something was moving rapidly down stream. At a casual glance it might have been taken for a lump of driftwood. But the gentle ripples of a widening wake showed that the something was not drifting, but swimming, and our startled gaze perceived two bulging eyes and a pair of gaping nostrils above the water level.

It was the hippopotamus!

Curious is it how absurdly inadequate an ordinary man's mode of expressing himself may be on certain occasions.

Sandall drew his breath in sharply. "Talk of the devil, etcetera," he said.

"Now we shan't be long," exclaimed Brewer earnestly.

"Great Scott!" was the sum of my eloquence.

We turned anxious looks down stream. Already we had seen the crews for the Challenge Eights paddle to the starting point. Now we could see them in readiness, the men peeled and resting on their oars. In a few moments they would be off, unless——

The hippo was travelling fast. After that momentary glance down the course, our eyes returned to him. Nothing of his great body showed above the surface, but we watched the rapidly-moving head, with its trailing wake, as though under a spell. It held us with a kind of fascination.

In another three seconds he would have been under the railway bridge. But as he neared it a train went rumbling overhead. The noise, I suppose, scared him, and amidst a slight swirl of water he dived out of sight.

"The tow-path!" exclaimed Brewer on the instant. "Run like blazes! He'll be on the course when he comes up again!"

We turned, and ran like coursed hares; through the hotel, cannoning one after another into an indignant waiter; through the riverside gardens, where I barked a shin, and almost broke a leg over an obstructing perambulator; and out to the tow-path, and past the starting-point.

Even as we ran, we heard the sudden burst of cheering behind us which told that the race had started. The crowd took us for frantic supporters of one or other of the crews, and let us pass unhindered. As the

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rhythmic thudding of the oars in the rowlocks struck upon our ears, we halted to watch the eights go by.

So far no sign of the hippo.

Had he turned under water, I wondered to myself, and gone up stream again? The boats drew abreast of where we stood, Staines half a length ahead on the far station, Kingston close to the bank beneath us.

They raced by. Then suddenly the nose of the Kingston boat shot into the air, and her crew was hurled into the water as from a catapult. The frail shell buckled, and snapped in two with a loud noise of splintering, while, terrible in his wrath, there rose above the river's surface, like some nightmare apparition, the hippopotamus, his great jaws agape. The Kingston boat had run up on his back, just as he came up to breathe after his long submersion.

With a wild yell—terror and astonishment mingled—the crowd on the tow-path bolted. The occupants of the few skiffs and punts moored by the bank followed their example, not waiting even to lend a hand to the Kingston crew, who swam for the shore as they had never swum before.

As for the Staines crew, their stroke, when he saw the monster rise out of the water, set a pace that must have been something like 100 to the minute. Staines Rowing Club one does not expect, as a rule, to see represented in the "Grand" at Henley; but if it could only enter a crew which would row as did that eight down Laleham Reach, Leander would have diminished heads indeed to hide.

It was plain that the hippo's temper had been roused. He swam furiously around, lashing the water into turbulence, and snorting vigorously. But finding nothing within reach—for by this time the spectators, whether on the tow-path or the river, were all out of the way of immediate harm—upon which to wreak a vengeance, he presently subsided.

Scared by the din of the watching crowds, he sank out of sight, and continued to remain submerged for long periods, coming to the surface only at intervals in order to breathe. Each time his reappearance was the signal for a hoarse shout, which caused him speedily to dive again.

Meanwhile a council of war was being held by the officials of the Thames Conservancy and the local police, in which we joined.

It was decided to telegraph once more to the Windsor police. This was my suggestion; for, apart from its being the only means of getting armed men to the scene, the thought of our cynical inspector's face when receiving a second summons to hunt the "phantom" hippopotamus, gave me secret joy. It was also decided to drive the brute down stream, if possible, with a view to cornering him eventually at Penton Hook Lock.

For this purpose a boat, manned by four intrepid Conservancy watermen, put off from the bank. The idea was, by beating the water with sculls, shouting, and so forth, to frighten the hippo when he rose, and thus drive him in the desired direction. In tense silence his next appearance was waited for.

Presently the uncouth head protruded above the surface some twenty yards away from the boat. Instantly the watermen fell to shouting, splashing the water, and waving their arms. The crowd supplemented their efforts with yells.

The hippo faced round in the water and eyed the audacious watermen. Then, with a fierce rush towards them, he dived and vanished. There was a moment of anxious suspense. Then a terrified shout went up from the watching thousands as the stern of the boat was suddenly tilted, and underneath was seen the hippo's snout pushing it up.

Next moment the brute lifted the whole of his great head above the water, and laying his ponderous muzzle over the fast-filling boat, sank it. The watermen, thrown into the river at the first move of the enemy, had fortunately not far to swim. The boat had been cautiously kept near the bank, and up this they were scrambling by the time the hippo had finished with the skiff.

The situation was growing critical. It would be at least an hour or so yet before the keepers from Windsor could be expected to arrive with rifles. Meantime there was a dense crowd wedged on the towpath, already half demoralised, but impossible to clear out of harm's way.

As may readily be imagined, everybody, though careful to keep at a seemingly safe distance, was anxious to see the end of the affair. A sudden panic, which might at any moment happen, would result in a stampede; and a stampede—the thought was appalling.

It was Brewer who hit upon a way out of the difficulty. It was essential that the hippo should be cornered somewhere, and held at bay until means of dispatching him could be obtained; and this seemed only possible by driving him down, as had been attempted, to the next lock. Noticing the alarm with which the cries that greeted his every

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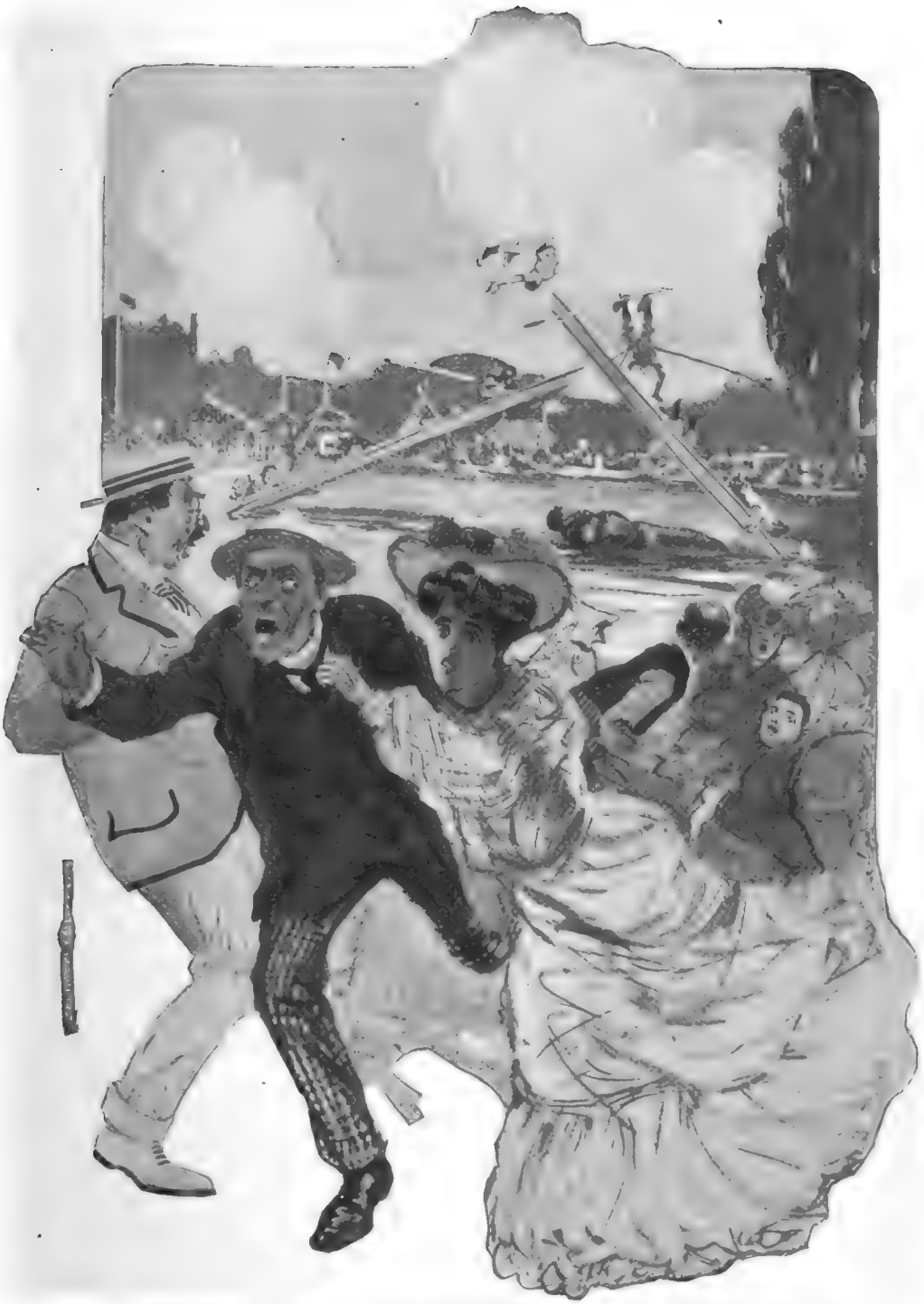

The frail shell buckled, and snapped in two with a loud noise of splintering, while . . . there rose above the river's surface . . . the hippopotamus.

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appearance filled the brute, Brewer hit upon the idea of *shouting* him down stream.

A gang of volunteers—men and youths—from the crowd was pressed into service. These, keeping close together, advanced as near as was thought prudent to the spot where the hippo had been observed to rise most frequently.

The next time he appeared he was met by a fearful yell from this gang at comparatively close quarters, they standing on the bank, up-stream of him. He dived on the instant; but the desired effect was obtained, for when he rose again he was many yards further down stream. These tactics were accordingly repeated, and at each repetition the frightened brute was driven lower yet.

It will be long, I trow, before the Laleham Reach witnesses another such scene. In the stream, not daring to leave it, the poor hunted leviathan, chivied from bank to bank by his band of tormentors: on the towpath, following at a distance, a mob of curious thousands.

It was slow work, but at last the lock at Penton Hook was reached. Preparations had been made, the traffic had been stopped, and the gates were open in readiness. It was a question whether it would be possible to induce the hippo to enter the lock; but a tremendous din from the crowd assembled at the lock-side, as he rose just outside the gates, settled it. Seeking escape, the frantic quarry swam full tilt into the snare. The heavy gates, pushed by a hundred eager hands, swung to faster than ever before in their leisurely existence, and the great brute was trapped.

Then the crowd broke loose, and Penton Hook was a howling pandemonium. The police were powerless, and the mob, out of hand, swarmed on the lock-sides and hung over the gates. The wonder is that no one fell in.

Inside, the captured monster, goaded to frenzy, lashed the water till the lock seethed like a boiling cauldron. Again and again he charged the gates at either end, and the massive timbers groaned and shook beneath the terrific impact. It would have been better had a rifle bullet been allowed to do its work at once, when at last the Windsor keepers arrived.

But attempts were made first to effect a capture; no easy task, and vain as it proved. A noose of rope was, indeed, after many futile casts, thrown over the hippo's head, and the running knot slipped tight round the massive neck. But the giant strength of the brute, doubled by its mad fury, snapped the stout hempen cord as though it were packthread. As well try to angle for a whale with a salmon-rod!

Then a big cord net was obtained from the railway depôt, and this with infinite care was hung across the stream outside the lower gates. Long lines were attached to it, and these were held by squads of lusty men on the banks. It was hoped so to entangle the quarry in the meshes as to make it possible to tie him up and render his struggles ineffectual.

Even had the scheme succeeded, there would still have remained the task of getting the monster ashore—his carcase weighed three tons—and caging him. Such a problem, however, was not destined to arise.

When all was in readiness, and a couple of armed keepers had been stationed on either side of the approach to the lock, prepared to fire in case of emergencies, one of the lower gates was slowly opened. The hippo was then at the further end of the lock. As the gate swung back, and the seeming loophole of escape widened, with a sudden surge the panic-stricken brute plunged forward. There was a warning cry from the lock side, and the waiting squads of net-men braced themselves to take the expected strain.

But so furious was the hippo's charge, and so sudden the shock with which the slackened ropes sprang taut, that three of the squads were jerked summarily off their feet, and saved themselves from being precipitated into the water only by letting go their ropes. Their fellows, demoralised by this accident, lost their steadiness, and pulling wildly and without method, were in imminent danger of being dragged off their feet.

Cries of "Shoot! shoot!" went up on every side. But the hippopotamus, entangled in the meshes, and struggling in the water with the frenzy of a demon, was no easy mark. Three shots rang out, but produced no apparent effect. It seemed that at any moment the hippo might free himself and dash off down stream. But the fourth keeper, of cooler nerve than his comrades, had reserved his fire, and while the others hurriedly reloaded, he waited at the water's edge for a fair shot.

Presently his chance came. The hippo, partly disentangling himself, raised his head above the water, and pausing momentarily in his struggles, looked round. On the instant the rifle spoke, and as the keeper lowered his weapon and plucked a second cartridge from his pouch, the stricken monster, with a

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final spasm that churned the water into foam, sank into the reddened river.

* * * * *

So died, like a rat in a hole, the Hunted Hippo of the Thames: a nine days' wonder, you may be sure. Before me, as I write, lies a cutting from the *Daily Express*, of date a few days subsequent to that eventful Saturday.

THE DEAD HIPPO.

CARCASE OF THE THAMES LEVIATHAN CLAIMED.

The body of the mysterious hippopotamus, which was shot last Saturday at Penton Hook lock, near Staines, under the remarkable circumstances fully described in our issue of last Monday, has been claimed by Sir James Barsacre, of Noah's Court, Windsor, from whose private menagerie it is said to have escaped a couple of days previous to its sensational appearance at Staines Regatta.

Sir James Barsacre is well known as a naturalist and hunter of big game, and the grounds of his extensive riverside estate between Windsor and Datchet are the home of a collection of captive animals rivalling those of the Hon. Walter Rothschild at Tring, or the Duke of Bedford at Woburn.

From inquiries made, it appears that the hippo—one of the few that have of late years appeared in the wild beast market—was imported from the celebrated menagerie of Hagenbeck at Hamburg, and arrived about ten days ago. An inclosure or compound had been prepared for its reception on the banks of a small backwater, off-shoot of a minor stream, tributary to the main river, which runs through the private grounds of Noah's Court. A sunken stockade, sufficiently strong, as it was thought, had been built across the mouth of this backwater, transforming it into a natural pool.

Into this compound the hippo was loosed on arrival. The animal appears to have been sulky at first, and showed signs of a sullen temper, which caused its attendant to leave it, as far as possible, unmolested.

The greater part of the day, so this man informed our representative, the brute spent in its pool, wallowing in the mud, or lying submerged, with merely its nose and eyes above water. On the Friday morning, when taking the animal its food, he noticed that the compound was empty; but assuming that the occupant was, as usual, in the water, he took no special heed of the circumstance.

Seeing no trace of the animal, however, when going to the inclosure on the following Saturday afternoon, he felt some alarm, and discovered, on investigation, that the sunken stockade had been broken through, and that the pool was empty. The local authorities were at once communicated with; but by this time the escaped leviathan had made its sensational appearance at Staines.

A mysterious element in the strange affair is the manner in which so ponderous a creature managed to elude observation from the time of its escape from Windsor on the Thursday night to the hour of its sudden appearance so far down stream as Staines.

This can only be explained on the supposition that the hippo, reverting to its wild habits, travelled at night only, and retired up some secluded backwater during the day to sleep. Rumours, however, are current that it was seen by a camping party on the island by Old Windsor weir in the small hours of the Friday morning, and that a picnic party was startled by its sudden apparition in the Staines reach on the Saturday afternoon, a short time before it reached the regatta course.

It is only fair to say that Sir James Barsacre has handsomely solaced the watermen who had so narrow an escape at the regatta, in their efforts to corner the unwelcome visitor. He has also indemnified the regatta committee by a generous subscription to the funds, and the presentation of a splendid challenge cup, to be called the "Hippopotamus Bowl."

All's well that ends well; but the public may be excused a hope that the titled owner of Noah's Court will take precautions to eliminate all possibility in future of the escape of any more such fearful creatures into the placid waters of the Thames.

* * * * *

"As a matter of fact," said Sir James Barsacre confidentially, when I met him a year ago at Cairo, and recalled the exciting incidents of the hippo hunt at Laleham—"as a matter of fact, the story that was put about as to the animal's escape was quite incorrect."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well," said Sir James, "it escaped certainly, but not quite in the way suggested. If you'd like to know the truth—and at this distance of time I don't think I'm committing an indiscretion in telling you—*we turned it loose!*"

"The dickens you did!"

"Yes. It was a mad freak—but you know what a wild Irishman that fellow O'Donoghue is. It was really his doing. O'Donoghue and Carruthers—you know, the palæolithic chap—were dining with me a couple of nights after the hippo, which I had just bought from Hagenbeck, arrived. In talking about it, Carruthers mentioned that there was geological evidence to show that the Thames Valley was inhabited in prehistoric times by the hippopotamus.

"Up jumps O'Donoghue with a brilliant idea: nothing less than to turn Hagenbeck's brute loose in the river, and bring, as he put it, the prehistoric times back again! By Jove," he added reminiscently, "what a day that was! Never enjoyed a regatta so much in my life!"

I thought of that moonlit night in camp, when we stood huddled in the bushes and watched the great monster trampling on the ruins of our tent; of Mordaunt's story of the picnic under the willows; of the gallant watermen and their sunken boat.

"So it was all a joke?" I asked.

Barsacre chuckled. "Yes," he said. "Capital fun, wasn't it?"

"Oh, capital," said I.

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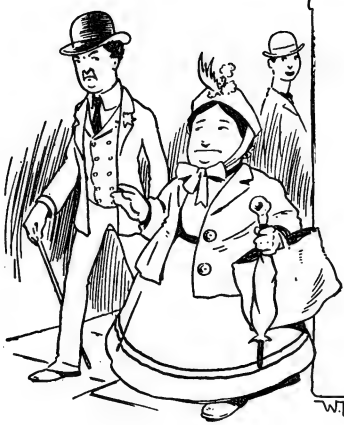
THE OLD FAMILY NURSE.

Who whipped me for my earliest sins,
Who caused me martyrdom thro' pins,
And said I made more work than twins?
My nurse!

Who washed my face and changed my "ties,"
And—heedless of my anguished cries—
Put soap profusely in my eyes?
My nurse!

Who brushed my hair—and banged my head,
Who always hurried me to bed
"Because my noise would wake the dead"?
My nurse!

Who kissed me when I'd grown quite tall,
And made me feel exceeding small
By saying "Dear" in front of all?
My nurse!



Who's haunted me since life began
And keeps it up now I'm a man,
And always gets—well—all she can?
My nurse!

Who comes up every week to town,
And sees no snub and fears no frown,
But gets her tea and—half a crown?
My nurse!

Who will shake hands whene'er we meet,
And walk with me down crowded street
With scanty skirts and ample feet?
My nurse!

Who is more trouble than she's worth,
And has been ever since my birth,
In fact the biggest plague on earth?
My nurse!

M. M. MYHILL.

W. ESMOND

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PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

All photographs accepted for this feature will be paid for.

Contributions are invited.

Photo *Ralph Dersingham.*

H.M. Queen Alexandra mounted on her favourite horse. She sits on the right side, as is usual in foreign countries.

THE QUEEN AS A HORSEWOMAN.

THOUGH the daughter of the Sea King—as King Christian of Denmark is called—our beloved Queen Alexandra is most devoted to horses. For the sake of convenience, she now uses motor-cars to a considerable extent, but she still retains her love for riding on horseback, and when at her Sandringham home, may often be seen enjoying a canter in the park which surrounds the mansion, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by members of her family or the house-party. The Queen's graceful figure is displayed to great advantage by the close-fitting riding habit.

Unlike the native-born Englishwoman, Queen Alexandra rides on the right side of the horse. It is the custom of most women in foreign countries to sit their horses in this fashion, and no reason can be assigned why the English should adopt exactly the opposite position, unless it be, perhaps, that they think they thus have more power over their horses.

The rule of the road, too, in Britain, is just the reverse to that in other lands. Here, when meeting a vehicle we go to the left and pass one on the right, while elsewhere it is *vice versâ*.

FISHING WITH SPEARS.

IN a bight on the West coast of Australia, on the edge of a great unknown desert, is situated Shark's Bay, where, formerly, quite a fleet of ships was kept busily engaged in pearl fishing; now, however, pearls are scarce, and the fishers make their living by selling the shells from which mother-of-pearl is obtained.

There are not many more than one hundred inhabitants in the place, about half being white settlers and the remainder black aboriginals, who almost live in the water. When they are not collecting pearls or pearl shell, they catch fish, and in a very novel way, too. With long, sharp-pointed spears in their hands, the men wade out into the waters of the bay, which abound in fish of all sorts. As the fish swim past them the natives lunge forward with their spears, and so accurate an aim have they that it is very seldom that a fish will escape capture.

Natives of Shark's Bay spearing fish.

The natives seem to find it quite as easy to spear the small fish as the large. They will not, however, attempt to catch the former unless it is a case of going without altogether, or for the sake of displaying their deftness to an onlooker.

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A hammer will rebound from the piece of air if a sharp blow be struck.

LUMPS OF AIR.

Some Curious Effects of Solidified Atmosphere.

Professor A. L. Metz, who has done so many experiments with liquid air at Tulane University, Louisiana, has now succeeded in making air that can be handled—with care, for its temperature is so low that mercury actually freezes on contact with it. This solid air looks just like ice, but it cannot be smashed. When Professor Metz tried to break a piece the size of a walnut with a blacksmith's sledgehammer, the hammer rebounded as though it had struck an elastic cushion. There will be no rebound, however, unless the blow be struck sharply, a gentle tap will cause the hammer to stick to the piece of air.

The powers of solidified air as an explosive are greater than dynamite. In coal mining it should prove invaluable. A cylinder charged with solid air is sent through the coal, by means of electricity, and as it explodes it gives off pure oxygen, so clearing the atmosphere of all noxious gases and rendering the workings fit to be entered at once.

The powers of solid air as a magnet are very great. It is difficult to detach anything that adheres to it.

How the moisture in the air of a room condenses on the surface of the tube in which the solid air is made.

Solid air is made by evaporating liquid air and creating a vacuum over its surface.

The liquid air is put into a test tube, then corked and connected with the vacuum apparatus by a bent glass tube forced through the cork. As soon as the connection is made the liquid air begins to sizzle and bubble, and the cold becomes so intense that the atmosphere outside the tube condenses and runs down it. In a few minutes the liquid air is solidified and then the tube is broken and the solid taken out.

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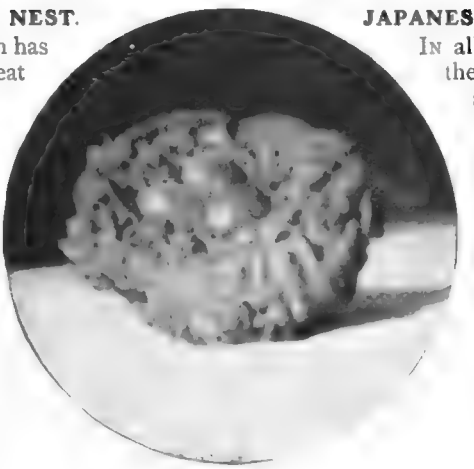
A PETRIFIED BIRD'S NEST.

A DEVONSHIRE gentleman has in his possession a great curiosity, which consists of a petrified bird's nest containing three eggs, also petrified. Judging by the shape and size of the nest and eggs, they might originally have belonged to a sparrow or robin, but there is no means of identifying them now, for no one knows how they became petrified; they were discovered just as they are now in a tree.



A petrified bird's nest.

The state of preservation is perfect, for the shapes of the various substances of which the nest is constructed can be seen clearly, and with the exception that it is as hard as stone, no bird would be in the least ashamed of having built such a home.

It is presumed that the parent birds were away from their nest when this great calamity befel it, as no trace of their petrified remains was discovered with it.

Petrified birds are seldom seen, but in the private museum of a wealthy manufacturer, whose hobby is the collection of petrified objects, are two excellent specimens—a pair of peacocks. The birds were killed when in full plumage and then sent to some springs to undergo the process of petrifaction.

JAPANESE FIREMEN AT PLAY.

IN all the big cities of Japan there is a most efficient system of fire-fighting, and the training which the lithe little Japs undergo in this direction fits them to become thorough-going acrobats. Their feats on ladders are of an especially agile and daring description.

Ladder climbing of the kind shown in the picture is an essential part of a fireman's education, for owing to the nature of the houses firemen are frequently compelled to hold the ladders in upright or slanting positions, while their companions ascend them armed with hooks with which they pull down the wooden framework of the buildings.

In performing this task the Japs often stretch out horizontally from the ladder and ply the hook as they hold on by their feet; or, again, a man will balance himself on the top rung of a ladder, at the same time working away with his axe. Accidents from slipping seldom occur.

Another position is for a fireman to grasp one side of the ladder with his hands, throw out his body at right angles to it, and then utilise his feet in the same way as a Westerner would employ his hands.

Japanese firemen giving a display of their skill as equilibrists.

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Sheep yards with over 4000 sheep at shearing time at Tablelands, New Zealand.

PARROTS THAT KILL SHEEP.

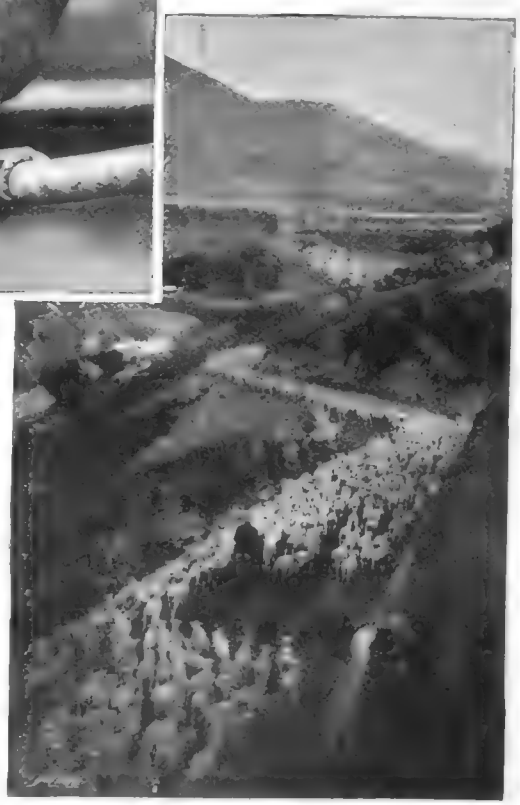
The New Zealand Sheep Farmers' Worst Enemies.

New Zealand is famed for its sheep farms, and it is from this Colony that so much of the frozen mutton consumed in this country is sent. It is no uncommon thing for there to be 20,000 sheep on one run. The photographs show the sheep yards at Tablelands station in the Wairarapa district at shearing time—towards the end of November. Thirty men were employed to do the work, and each man sheared from 100 to 150 sheep per day for which he would get from twenty to thirty shillings. Shearing is extremely hard work, and few of the hands are able to stand it for more than five or six years.

One of the worst enemies of the sheep farmer is the Kea parrot. This bird was originally a vegetarian, but acquired a taste for animal food when, during severe weather, it discovered the carcases of sheep which had died and been left exposed on the plains.

The parrot knows exactly where lies the part of the animal most suited to its taste, and wastes no time in getting there. It alights on the back of a sheep, tears open the skin with its powerful bill, and then eats the fat in which the kidneys are incased, leaving the animal after this to go mad and die. In some of the hilly districts of the Colony these birds play immense havoc, and as their depredations take place principally at night it is extremely difficult for the farmers to keep a look out for them, though a most careful watch is always kept.

The Kea Parrot, which kills sheep in some hilly districts.



Photos *W. Reid.*

Driving the sheep back to pasture.

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INGENIOUS TREE CLIMBING.

THE blacks in the more uncivilised districts of Mexico have a method of climbing trees which is as ingenious as it is curious. It is employed more particularly in the case of palm trees, or those trees which have lost all their lower branches.

The means adopted is for the climber to provide himself with a rope and hatchet. With the help of these he can quite easily reach the top of any tree denuded of its lower limbs.

The climber first ties his rope loosely round the trunk of the tree up which he desires to swarm, then with hatchet in hand he prepares for the ascent. He starts by swinging the rope as high above his head as possible; holding this with one hand he levers himself up and with the other hand strikes his hatchet hard into the tree trunk, thus obtaining a firm hold by which he can lever himself upwards again. And so he proceeds, swinging the rope and striking the hatchet, until he has attained the summit of the tree.

Black climbing a tree in Mexico.

Of course, surefootedness is a great help when the climber is levering himself up. He digs his toes into the trunk, and sometimes while hanging on to the rope he will cut a foothold with the hatchet instead of only striking it into the tree. The agility shown is sometimes quite wonderful, and the summit of a high tree will be reached in an astonishingly short time.

In the districts where this method of tree climbing is employed the boys are taught how to do it at a very early age—in fact, it forms part of their education. Almost as soon as the muscles begin to form fathers take out their sons with rope and hatchet, and selecting a suitable tree, begin to instruct them in the art.

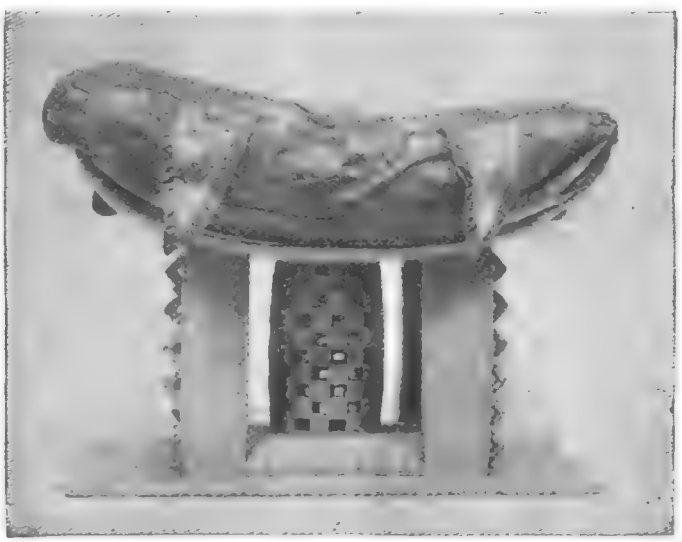
THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

A MONARCH'S THRONE.

ON the coast of Guinea, the most westerly portion of the Gold Coast Territory, is the kingdom of Appolonia, formerly under the sway of King Quaco Acko. His throne, which is shown in the picture below, is quite a curiosity and has a history attached to it.

At the time when the British were making advances to the native rulers to put themselves under the suzerainty of Britain, King Quaco Acko was approached with a view to receiving protection for Appolonia. The dusky monarch was not, however, favourably disposed to making a treaty, and when Captain W. Quin, of H.M.S. *Britomart*, to whom was intrusted the duty of dealing with him, arrived at the palace, he found the king seated on his throne surrounded by his numerous wives, with the intention to blow them up, with himself, rather than yield to the British.

The train of powder was laid and the women believed that their last hour had come as soon as they heard the tramp of feet outside the palace walls. However, by the time Captain Quin appeared in the doorway King Quaco Acko had changed his mind and was quite willing to surrender.



The throne of the Kings of Appolonia, now in the British Museum.

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BUILDINGS MADE OF GLASS.

A New Use for this Transparent Substance.

A twenty-six storey office building constructed entirely of glass above the first floor is now being rapidly let at Des Moines, Iowa. The glass used is made by a special process of wiring which has been patented.

The building shown in the picture has been designed for the National Bank in the same city. It will present the appearance of a classic temple of a very solid and beautiful design. Though looking most unsuited for office purposes, mainly, perhaps, because it has no windows, the reverse is really the case, windows being quite unnecessary, as sufficient light is obtained through the walls.

The new glass offices of the National Bank, Des Moines, U.S.A.

These glass structures consist of steel framework fitted with glass, supported by brackets attached to the beams of the floor, in duplicate, thus making two walls of opalescent wire glass. The walls are set approximately a foot apart, forming an insulating dead space to prevent loss of heat in winter and undue heat in summer. A trial has proved that these glass buildings are freer from draughts than any others in the town, also that they can be satisfactorily heated with one quarter less fuel than is necessary in buildings of the same size even when they are constructed of brick.

This system of construction allows of any arrangement of floor plan, from the fact that windows are unnecessary. The exteriors, too, can be treated in any way desired. The inventor of this new process of wiring glass believes that windows are an insurmoutable evil in buildings, because of the admission of air through them, which is responsible for the dust, smoke, insects, and draughts.

The glass wall is fire-resisting to a practical degree, as it has been demonstrated that wire glass will resist a hot fire, and though it might be necessary to replace it after a big conflagration, the fire damage would be local and easily replaced, at a cost much less than requisite when rebuilding a structure of other material.

If an outlook is desired, a stationary portal of plate glass can be placed in the wall; or the columns in the treatment of the exterior can be of plate glass, forming bays.

Inside, the building can be treated just as an ordinary office would be, with a wainscoting half way to the ceiling, making a wall space available for desks, counters, shelving, or whatever might be required, on all sides of the room; at the same time, plenty of light would be obtained through the glass at the upper part of the room.

The cost of these glass buildings compared with stone or brick would be from a quarter to a third less for the outer walls; the inner construction is similar to that in general use, either steel or masonry.

Cleaning the buildings will be a most simple operation. By means of a fire hose the outer walls can be washed in a few hours.

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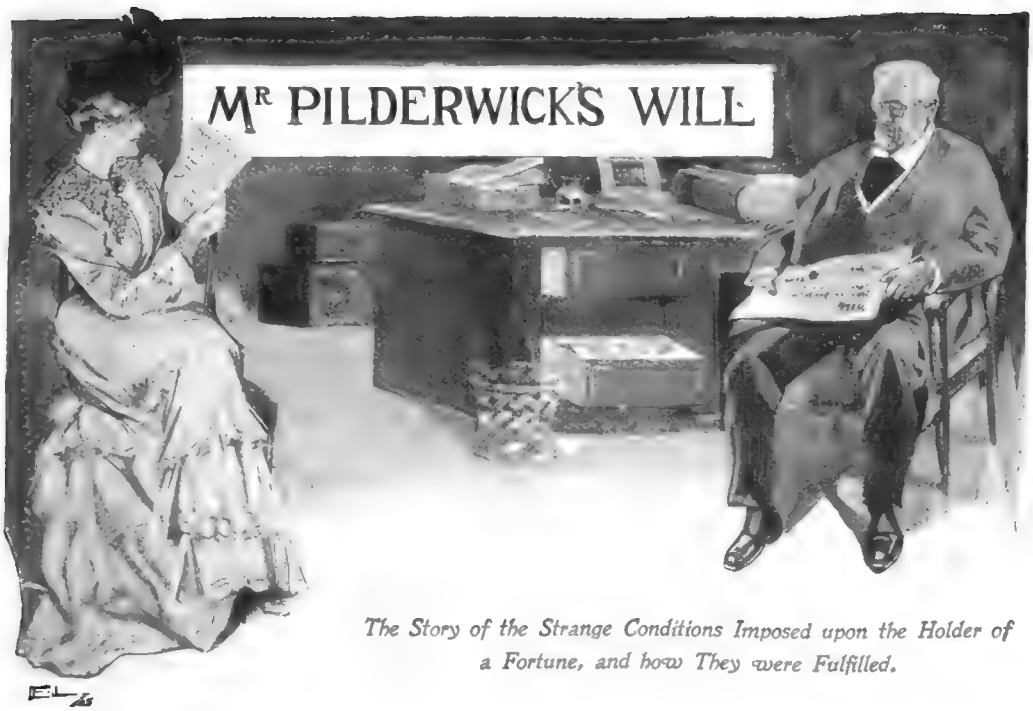

The Story of the Strange Conditions Imposed upon the Holder of a Fortune, and how They were Fulfilled.

By Herbert Morris.

The late Mr. Parker Pilderwick had been remarkable for two outstanding qualities—a logical mind and a complete disregard for other people's feelings.

By the regular exercise of these attributes in turn he had amassed a moderate fortune and mortally offended every one of his relatives and friends. It seemed a little too bad that even after his demise he should still have power to cause unnecessary annoyance.

Yet so it was.

And that to a very charming young lady whose sole offence was that her mother had been the late Mr. Pilderwick's cousin.

Old Pilderwick's will was an eccentric but perfectly legal document. After leaving certain sums of money to charities and one or two servants the will continued with this remarkable clause—"and I give and bequeath all the residue of my estate to my cousin Allegra Hayward, subject to her strict compliance with my instructions contained herein regarding her marriage."

"It's too bad of cousin Parker to interfere with me like this!" cried Allegra.

"My dear young lady, you get twenty thousand pounds," said Mr. Selwyn, the plump little lawyer who was explaining the will to her.

"What is the use of that, Mr. Selwyn, if I have to marry someone I don't like?"

"You need not do that," he replied primly. "I am afraid I have not made it quite clear. What your relative stipulates is that you yourself shall choose a husband, and that you shall—er—in fact—er—propose to him."

The set of Miss Allegra's mouth became less firm, a tiny dimple upon either side began to make itself apparent. Her eyes danced merrily, and, in spite of her wish to maintain a proper and decorous demeanour, she giggled.

Allegra's giggle was a thing of joy. It was like shaking a little laughter out of a bag so brim full of mirth that it would hold no more.

Mr. Selwyn tried to look grave, for the reading of wills is naturally a solemn thing, but, glancing over his gold-rimmed spectacles at Allegra's face, he, too, smiled.

"Of course, it's an embarrassing thing, and I am sorry that my client chose to make that stipulation, but the will allows no loophole, and, as executor, I am bound to see that it is fulfilled."

"I am to propose to a man!" gasped Allegra. "Oh, Mr. Selwyn, it's too absurd. I could never do that!"

"That is the provision of the will Miss

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Allegra, it's eccentric, but it's legal, and I am afraid there is no alternative if you wish to keep the inheritance."

"What happens if I refuse?"

"The money goes to the Pusey-Adams branch of the family," replied the lawyer.

"Oh, well, of course, they are as nearly related to cousin Parker as I am! But why, oh why did Mr. Pilderwick place me in such an awkward dilemma?"

"Your relative had an idea that marriage was a more important event in a woman's than in a man's life, and that consequently the woman should have liberty of choice. He wished to introduce that custom."

"And I am to begin it!"

"Just so; if Mr. Pilderwick had an idea he always carried it out to its logical conclusion, and embodied it in a practical form."

Allegra looked as though she would like to say something rather violent about the late Mr. Pilderwick and his ideas, but she only tapped impatiently the linoleum floor of Mr. Selwyn's office with the dainty little foot which peeped out from beneath her neat, tailor-made costume.

"I do not think he meant to be unkind," continued Mr. Selwyn. "He may have thought that in this way he secured you from the persecution of heartless fortune-hunters."

"I am to offer my hand and a fortune to a man, or else I lose the fortune. Do you know, Mr. Selwyn, it is a most humiliating position for a girl to occupy. I shall seem to be a kind of make-weight thrown in to make up a bargain. I hate this mixing up of money with—er—with things like that."

Mr. Selwyn toyed with his gold pencil, scratching this way and that upon the broad pad of blotting-paper which lay before him, $M+L=M^2$ he wrote, as though it were an algebraical equation. Perhaps he meant that money and love were both necessary to matrimony, or perhaps that matrimony plus love was more than could be expected; but he did not explain.

"You have a year in which to make your decision," he said.

"I can't do it, Mr. Selwyn. I can never do it. It's very annoying to have a fortune dangled in front of one's nose like this, only to be whisked away by an impossible proviso."

"Then the money will have to go to the Pusey-Adams."

"Yes, it seems such a shame, too, because they have plenty, and it ought really to have gone to Alec."

"Mr. Alexander Pilderwick?"

"Yes, of course. Mr. Pilderwick's own nephew."

"Ah, yes! But for an unfortunate quarrel that would have been undoubtedly the arrangement. He's a very nice fellow, I believe," said Mr. Selwyn, looking up at Allegra with one of his queer little bird-like gestures.

"Yes," assented Allegra.

"I suppose, now, you couldn't——" he began.

"Mr. Selwyn!" said Allegra rising abruptly.

"No, no! Of course not. Well, well, it's a pity! But there's no getting over the will."

Allegra took her departure, and walked quickly home to the boarding-house in Bloomsbury at which she was staying. Every now and then she frowned and pouted, and tapped her elegant little umbrella upon the ancient flagstones of Lincoln's Inn, and upon the dusty pavement of Holborn Viaduct.

Once or twice such expressions as "The idea!" or "Such nonsense!" escaped her beautiful lips involuntarily, and when she reached the house she gave such a resounding rat-a-tat-tat at the front door that Mrs. Thompson, the demure old landlady, had, as she phrased it, "quite a turn," and was certain that Miss Hayward was put out about something.

Allegra was, in fact, very much put out. She was annoyed with Mr. Selwyn, angry with herself for being so agitated at the thought of certain eventualities, and more than all exasperated at that preposterous will which promised so much and gave so little; and feeling the absolute necessity of venting her wrath upon something, she took it out of the door knocker.

Allegra had seated herself rather despondently in her little sitting-room, and had just made up her mind, after a good deal of inward conflict, that cousin Parker's fortune would never be hers, when a visitor was announced:

"Mrs. Pusey-Adams."

People who did not like Mrs. Pusey-Adams described her as a lumbering, heavy-witted monstrosity who gave herself the airs of a tragedy queen in order to disguise the meanness of her motives. Her admirers, who were generally very recent acquaintances, called her a majestic woman. She was certainly very large.

She returned Allegra's greeting with great effusiveness. "My dear child," she

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"Yet our late Queen is said to have proposed to the Prince," said Allegra.

exclaimed, "you have my deepest sympathy."

"Thank you, Clara. You mean——"

"This lamentable will."

"Ye—es," said Allegra lamely.

"It's atrocious! How in the world Mr. Pilderwick, a most respectable man, as I always thought, could make such a will I am at loss to imagine."

Mrs. Pusey-Adams lifted her black eyebrows tragically.

"It is certainly very unjust," said Allegra.

"It's an insult to our sex, Allegra, and I am glad to find you have the proper feeling about it."

"I don't like it, if that is what you mean," replied Allegra.

"Of course not—it's monstrous. No right-minded girl could possibly carry out such an injunction," said Mrs. Pusey-Adams. "It would be unwomanly."

"Yet our late Queen is said to have proposed to the Prince," said Allegra musingly.

"Queens are different," replied Mrs. Pusey-Adams with an air of finality, as if, being in the queenly style herself, she must know.

"Well, it's very awkward, I don't know what to do. I don't want to do anything unwomanly, but you must admit, Clara, that it's very aggravating to lose this money."

Mrs. Pusey-Adams smiled benignantly. "After all, what is money without self-respect? Do you suppose, my dear girl, that if you were to so far forget yourself as to propose to a man, he would ever respect you again, or that you would be able to respect yourself? Impossible. It's against human nature."

Allegra looked down at her shoes and said nothing.

"I'm sure," continued her umbrageous relative loftily, "you know, Allegra, that I am not influenced by mercenary motives in giving you this advice. Matthew and I have talked it over, and in the event of the money coming to us we shall simply regard it as held in trust for the family generally, and I need hardly say we shall be delighted to make a home for you."

Allegra felt rather remorseful. She had never credited Mrs. Pusey-Adams with such intentions as these.

"That is very kind of you and Matthew," she replied. "But there will be no necessity

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for that. I have a little income, you know, and then there is my music."

Mrs. Pusey-Adams looked relieved.

"But," continued Allegra warmly, "I think what you say about being trustee for the family is most generous and noble. Of course, the one person who suffers most is Alexander. You would share it with him?"

"Never!" cried Mrs. Pusey-Adams, with an angry gleam in her black eyes. "I regard Alexander Pilderwick as a foolish, headstrong young man. He will come to no good, you may depend. His uncle was quite right in leaving him out of the will."

"Oh, Clara, how can you say so!" exclaimed Allegra in an altered tone.

Mrs. Pusey-Adams saw that she had made a mistake. But she had her reasons for wishing to prejudice Allegra against Alexander, so she continued in a more moderate way: "I have never liked that young man, Allegra, and you may be sure his uncle knew more of him than either you or I. Mr. Pilderwick was just, if he was odd in his ways, and I cannot but think that Alexander must have done something disreputable, or he would never have been cut off as he has been."

Mrs. Pusey-Adams said this very solemnly and with evident sincerity, for she was a famous exponent of that comforting old doctrine that if a man is seen to suffer a signal misfortune it must be due to some fault of his own.

"I don't agree with you at all," rejoined Allegra frigidly, "and I prefer not to discuss it."

Mrs. Pusey-Adams tried to propitiate her young relative with many oily compliments upon her music, her looks, her toilet, and above all her high principles and proper spirit in refusing to carry out the injunctions of the will, a matter she took for granted. But Allegra's mood had changed. She responded coldly, and when her visitor rose to go she made no attempt to detain her.

"Marriage is not all honey, my dear," said the elder lady, holding out her hand; "I often think I should have made more mark in the world as a single woman."

Allegra did not pause to inquire what kind of imprint Mrs. Pusey-Adams had wished to leave behind her; but she could not help thinking that if all the people who deemed themselves capable of making a mark in the world had really done so, its poor old face would be covered with some very funny wrinkles by this time.

At last the depreciator of marriage for others departed, and Allegra was left alone with her own thoughts.

* * * *

But not for long. A brisk young man, with rather a ruddy, determined-looking face, and an impetuous manner, was ushered in by Betty the maid.

Allegra gave him a smile of welcome.

"Oh Alec! How d'you do? You are just in time for a cup of tea."

Alexander Pilderwick shook hands very cordially with Allegra, and sat down.

"I am all right, thanks, Allegra. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm bad!"

"What's the matter?"

"Nerves, I think, or else temper," said Allegra.

"H'm, you look a bit worried."

"I am. Do you take sugar?"

"Yes, two lumps, please. What's the trouble?"

"Oh, I'm so annoyed about this wretched will! It's all wrong. I feel as if I could break things."

"Break anything you like except the Ten Commandments—I'll pick up the pieces," said Alec cheerily.

"You take it very well, Alec, but I know you must be horribly disappointed."

"Look here, Allegra, you and I are such old chums that I can speak freely to you, can't I?"

"Of course, Alec," said Allegra with a faint blush.

"I was disappointed, I admit it, and hurt, because in spite of the rows we had I was fond of the old boy. But I've got over all that. I'm going out to South Africa, you know."

"So I hear," replied Allegra a little unsteadily.

"Yes, and compared with the fortune I intend to make out there, Allegra, poor old Uncle Parker's won't be a circumstance."

"You will have to leave all your friends," said Allegra.

"If nothing worse than that ever happens to them, my friends may count themselves extremely lucky; but what I don't like is the way you are treated, Allegra."

"Oh!" said Allegra rather faintly.

"It's simply monstrous. Of course it makes it impossible for you to inherit the money."

"Why so?"

"Oh, I know we live in progressive times

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and all that, but there are certain things a girl can do and certain things she emphatically can't do! And poor old Uncle Pilderwick has chosen the latter."

"Why, you talk like Mrs. Pusey-Adams."

"The majestic Clara, has she been here?"

"Rather, and she gave me the same advice. But you dear people who want me to throw away twenty thousand pounds for a punctilio have no idea what a mercenary wretch I am."

"I don't believe it."

"I simply dote on money."

"All very well, but you won't propose to a man."

"Just wait and see."

"But you can't do it, Allegra."

"Nevertheless, I'm going to. Let me see now, I know quite a number of really nice young men. Whom shall I choose?" said Allegra mischievously.

"If I did not know you were joking——"

"But I'm not. It's really very serious. There's Percy Higgins."

"Absurd little bounder."

"Or Theodore White?"

"A scented coxcomb!"

"Or Herr Steiner, my music master."

"An old fop who might be your grandfather," grunted Alec.

"You are difficult to please; but there are heaps more. What do you say to Tom Owen, or my old friend Jack Hemmings, or Sir Michael Grant, or Dr. Wentworth, or Horace Paget, or——"

"Mercy on us! are you reciting the London Directory?"

"No; only the Matrimonial Guide."

"Humph! I wonder you don't make out an alphabetical list," scoffed Alec.

"Capital idea! and send them all a type-written circular. Let me see—how should I word it? 'Dear Sir.—Having long admired your many virtues, I beg to offer my hand and fortune,' etc., etc. Then I could put all the replies in a bag and pick out the first one that comes, blindfold. What fun!"

"It might be a refusal," said Alec.

"How rude you are!"

"All the same, I'm very cross with you," she said severely, taking up a framed portrait of Alec.

Alec was getting rather cross and red in the face. This badinage did not please him. He rose to his feet.

"No decent man would accept," he said savagely.

"I can but try," said Allegra with a defiant glance.

"Oh, of course, if you are determined to make yourself miserable for life for the sake of this beastly money, you will! Good-bye."

And with this curt farewell Alec departed, bristling with indignation. He marched out with the air of one who, having given the best advice, is determined to take no further responsibility.

As fate would have it, he left his gloves behind him.

* * *

Allegra gave a comical little gesture of despair. She hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, so she compromised by a puzzled smile, which might turn either way as her mood changed.

Why, she wondered, should Alec be so very angry at the idea of her proposing marriage to an eligible partner, unless—unless he himself . . . Allegra paused in her meditations, blushed a little, and glanced into the mirror. After all, there was *one* explanation, she thought. Because he was really so very angry—quite rude in fact.

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The thought of Alec being angry and rude did not, however, appear to depress Allegra very much. She gave one of her gigeles, took a red rose from the vase and stuck it in her hair, and humming a gay little tune waltzed twice round the room.

"Most impertinent and nonsensical of him, I'm sure. Why shouldn't I propose to anyone I like, if I want to?" laughed she.

"All the same, I'm very cross with you," she said severely, taking up a framed portrait of Alec which happened to stand upon the mantelpiece. "Very cross indeed." It represented a handsome young man in a volunteer uniform. Alec had the Pilderwick nose, rather long and straight, and the Pilderwick chin, very square and uncompromising. Allegra must have been very much interested in these family characteristics, for she looked at the portrait for quite a long time, and only replaced it on the mantelpiece at the sound of a knock at the door.

"Come in," she called.

Alec came forward rather lamely.

"Oh, Allegra, I think I must have left my gloves!"

"You did. Here they are," said Allegra, picking them out of a chair.

"Oh, thanks! Well, good-bye again." Alec walked to the door, then paused.

"I say, Allegra, I hope I didn't hurt your feelings by anything I said just now. I'm rather a hasty chap. Of course I haven't any right to dictate."

"Oh, no, it's all right, Alec, thank you!"

"You've forgiven me?"

"Quite," smiled Allegra.

"So glad. Good-bye." And, picking up his hat and gloves once more, Alec put his hand upon the door.

"Alec," called a soft little voice.

"Yes."

"There was one other name on my list."

"Was there?"

"But it won't be any use sending him a circular."

"Why not?"

"Because--because he doesn't care, and he's going--he's going—to—South Africa," sobbed Allegra.

The hat and gloves were gone now—they were not wanted. Nothing was wanted, neither the alphabetical list nor the typewritten circular, for Allegra was finishing her sentence on Alec's shoulder, and his arm was tightly clasped round her waist while he frantically kissed the back of her neck.

When at last Allegra consented to look up, she murmured:

"But you said no decent man would accept——"

"Not unless——" said Alec, and went on with his previous occupation.

"Unless what, slowcoach?"

"Unless he had been in love with you for at least twenty years," said Alec.

Please Note that

The JULY NUMBER of

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

. . will be a SPECIAL . .

OUTDOOR NUMBER.

It will contain many special features dealing with outdoor life and outdoor subjects generally. Pictures, Articles, and Stories will all be of the brightest, and there will be something new on every page. Don't forget the date—JULY 1st. The price will be **6d.** *as usual.*

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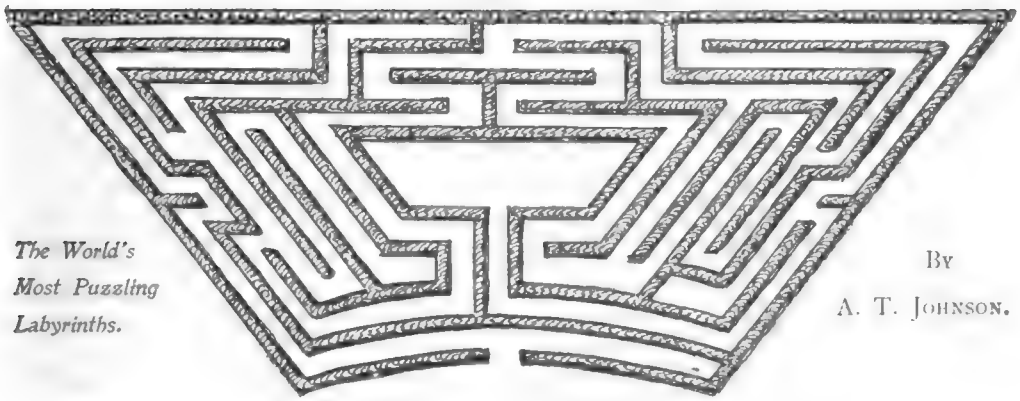
MAZES OLD AND NEW



The World's Most Puzzling Labyrinths.

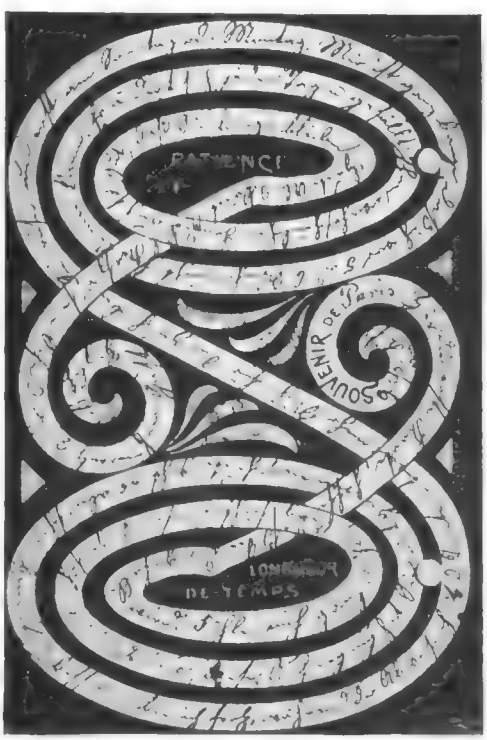
By A. T. Johnson.

The celebrated maze at Hampton Court Palace.

Everyone, of course, has heard of the maze at Hampton Court, and most people know how to reach the centre. The secret is very simple—always keep to the right, going round all the stops, and paying no attention to the bewildered groups who have utterly lost themselves in the winding alleys. Of course, looking at a birds-eye view of the maze there are quicker methods of getting to the centre.

The keeper of the maze takes up a position on an elevated platform at the entrance, and from this point of vantage shouts out directions to the puzzled visitors, and if he does send them a bit astray sometimes—well, that also is part of the game.

But our friend in uniform, though he is so knowing, sometimes gets sold himself. An amusing story is told of a well-known writer who was a bit of a wag, and on one occasion amazed the keeper of the maze by doing him in a most amusing fashion. He obtained a plan of the maze, and studied it very carefully, till he knew every twist and turn of the labyrinth; then he went off to Hampton Court.



This puzzling postcard was sent from Paris by a German. He sends some friendly messages to a relation in London.

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With hat stuck on the back of his head, the very picture of the greenest of country cousins, he presented himself at the entrance.

"What's that?" he said to the keeper.

"What's that? Why, the 'Ampton Court Maze," was the reply.

"What's it for?" was the next question.

"What's it for? It's a trap to catch folk. You've got to get into the middle without getting stuck in a blind alley and stopping there all night."

The rustic smiled an expansive smile.

"Bet you a tanner," he said, "anybody can get into the middle of that."

"Done!" laughed the keeper contemptuously, and the assistant keeper on the platform joined in the mirth. "Brighter men than you have thought that, and found out their mistake."

"But what is there in it?" persisted the "yokel."

"Better go in and see!" was the answer.

He went in, and without a single pause

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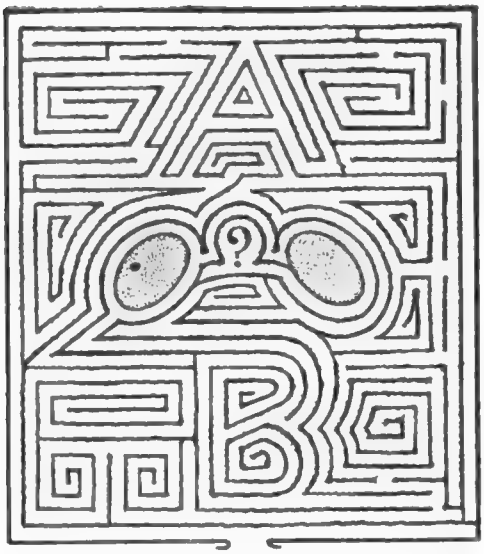


This maze, containing the letters A and B, is dedicated to the Prime Minister.

or mistake, was soon in the centre of the maze.

"Blest if he ain't done it, Bill," said the keeper to his comrade.

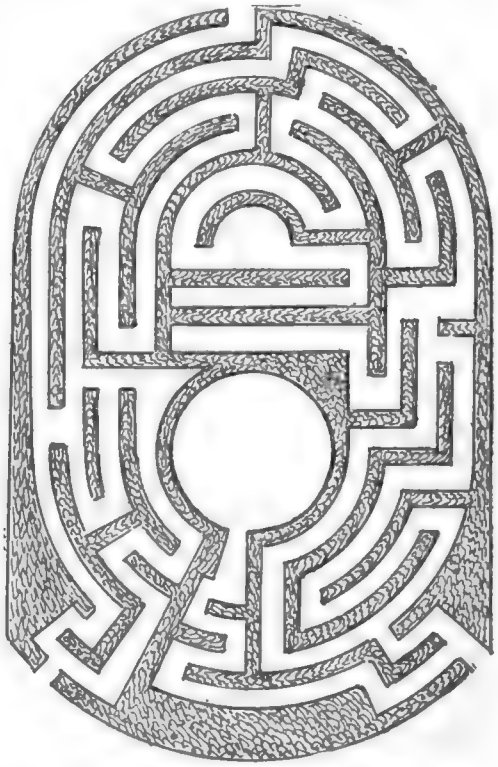
And the wag, pocketing his "tanner," gave them a parting shot. "What is there in it?" he said, with his hat stuck still further back and his smile more expansive than ever. "What is there in it, eh?"

Find the way to the centre of this maze—the tip of the Chinaman's nose.

The maze of the Russian Bear.

Mazes are almost as old as history. It is quite on the cards that some archæologist will some day discover that they existed in the Stone Age.

Many mazes are to be found on the cathedral floors of Continental cities, and during the Middle Ages "to tread the



The maze that once stood in the Horticultural Gardens, Kensington.

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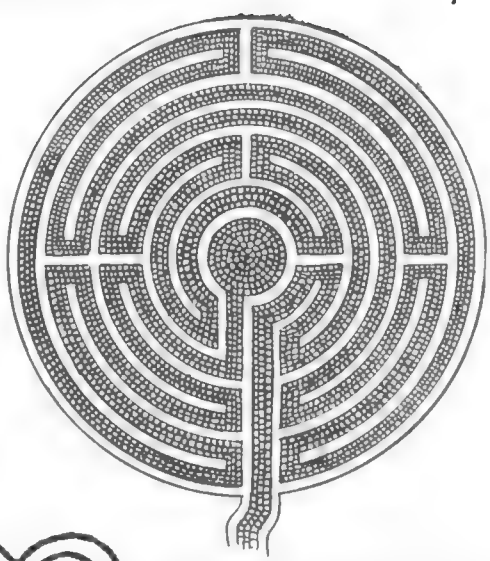
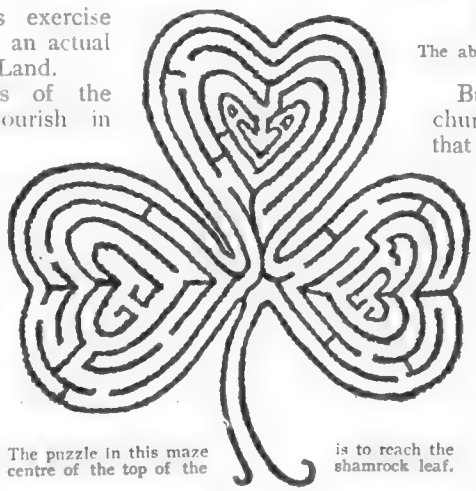
A labyrinth on the hillside at Wing, Rutlandshire.



The abyrinth in the Cathedral at Lucca.

maze" was a religious exercise almost as efficacious as an actual pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

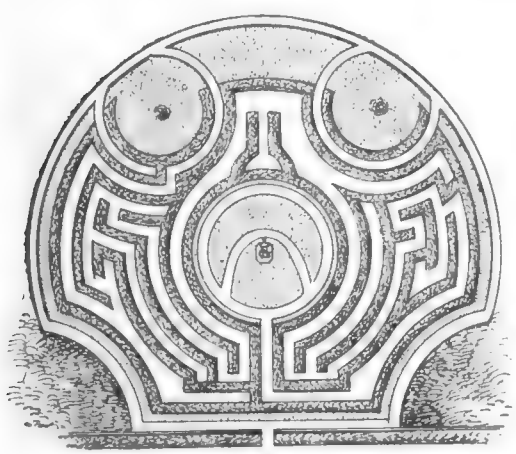
Some fine examples of the modern maze still flourish in various parts of the country: as, for instance, in the gardens of Hatfield House, at Somerleyton Hall, and at Mistley, near Manningtree. There was also one in the Royal Horticultural Society's Garden at Kensington, which was constructed at the wish of the late Prince Consort, and was the constant delight of juvenile visitors.



The puzzle in this maze is to reach the centre of the top of the shamrock leaf.

But it is not only in churches, gardens, and parks that mazes are to be found, for I have come across one on a French post-card, and there are many examples which are evidently intended only to puzzle people on paper.

Such a maze is not a very difficult thing to construct, and I think many of my readers will find paper maze making an amusing pastime.



The maze at Somerleyton Hall, Lowestoft, the seat of Sir Savile Crossley.

The labyrinth in the nave of Chartres Cathedral. It is forty feet across.

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CORPORAL BROWN AND HIS CHARGE.

A South African Story.

By Owen Oliver.

There was sun-red in the west, and fire-red over a farm to the north, and dull, blood-red on some of the bayonets of Captain Foulke's detachment. The farm had fired upon them, and the detachment had run like mad—towards the farm. 1989, Private G. Brown, had won the race by a stratagem, entering a window instead of the door, and executing a masterly flank attack. *His* bayonet was twisted, and when he fell behind the rest to straighten it with a stone the captain joined him.

"You've done good work to-day, Brown," he said. "If you were steadier, I'd recommend you for promotion. Why don't you buck up?"

Brown shifted two looted fowls from one shoulder to the other, and fidgeted with his belt.

"Doesn't seem anything to make me," he explained. "I might if I had a charge of my own, or a job on my own, even." He glanced back at the burning farm. "Looks as if the fire's going out, sir," he suggested. "There wasn't enough paper to fire the wood properly, if I'm a judge." As he had reserved most of the paper he had special qualifications for judging.

"Umph!" The captain frowned at the faint red glare. "We can't go back now."

Brown shifted the fowls again. It seemed to relieve his feelings.

"Will you be dropping me at the block-house again, sir?" He had volunteered for the trek in place of a man who was footsore.

"Ye—es," the captain said slowly. "I'm taking Hughes away on his promotion. I've the colonel's orders to select someone to take charge, in his place. . . . I'm going to select you, *Corporal* Brown."

He looked hard at Brown, who flushed under his tan.

"I hope you'll drop on me heavy if I let you in, sir," he said emphatically; "and—and—thank you. . . . About that farm. I could easy drop over and fire it again."

"It's a good seven miles, and there are always a few Boers knocking about."

"I don't mind *them*. *That* isn't against me in the—the records."

He had taken a sudden dislike to mentioning the defaulter sheets.

"Knowing the place I'd be all right; and if I wasn't it would be only *one* short at the post."

The captain did not answer till they were nearly at the block-house. Then he nodded.

"Very well," he agreed.

He installed Brown in charge of his little garrison—the usual seven men. Then he

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and his detachment trudged wearily along to the siding where they were to entrain. Brown acknowledged the congratulations of his comrades with successive grunts, handed over the fowls to Saunders, who acted as cook, and sat down beside Lee on a biscuit box outside the barbed-wire fence, hung with jingling cans. He laughed suddenly, and produced his water-bottle.

"Smell this, old chap," he said.

Lee smelt it eagerly, and heaved a sigh of satisfaction. Then he called the others, and they sniffed in turn. They fetched Saunders from his cooking to have a smell, too—being fair-minded men.

"Saw the jar on the table as I scrambled in at the window," Brown explained complacently. "Chucked the table-cloth over it as I passed, to keep it out of notice of them as can't keep off liquor."

Lee smelt it eagerly, and heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"'Ow much do you reckon was in it?" asked Nipper Jones, wiping his hand thoughtfully across his mouth.

"'Bout three gallons—now."

"Didn't 'e burn the shanty?"

"He set light to it; but it didn't catch properly."

"Wot ho!" said Smiler Harris. "We'll do a little trek on our own to-morrer!"

Brown frowned.

"There'll be no leaving this post while *I'm* in charge. 'Tain't no use growsing. They're my orders. . . . But I've got the captain's leave to go myself, and fire it again."

"Wot you won't do, in course, while there's anything to go back for," said Taffy Williams with a grin.

"Wot I'll do as sure as a man's drunk on pay day," said Brown sturdily. "But I tell you *what* I'll do, though. I'll take all the water bottles—I can sling 'em on a strap—and fill 'em. Only, mind this. If I don't come back there's no coming after me. This block-house has got to be held. *That's my orders.*"

There was a grumbling murmur. The men looked at Lee, who was usually their spokesman, but he shook his head. He always had a liking for Brown; and he had been a good soldier—before he was a bad one.

"Orders," said Taffy Williams at last, "depends on wot is be'ind 'em."

Brown leant forward and wagged a long finger at him.

"Behind 'em," he said, "is military law—and *me*."

There was an ominous growl, and Macdonald began to take his coat off, but Lee intervened.

"There's no doubt as the young 'un's head is turned," he said, "but it's turned the right way, ain't it?"

Then they all laughed except Brown; and after a minute Brown laughed too, and when Macdonald was on sentry-go he went out to inspect the sentry.

"I'm all right," the sentry growled. "If *you* ain't, no one ain't, Mac," said Brown. "The best eye and the best ear of the lot of us you've got," Mac grunted. "It wasn't *that*, mate. I—I wanted to shake hands with you."

When Smiler relieved Mac, Brown joined him also, and stopped till Lee took a turn. Then he went all round the fence, listened with his ear to the ground, and went to "bed."

"Fancy you're a bloomin' gen'ral, young 'un?" Lee inquired good humouredly.

Brown laughed nervously.

"I've got my show to run," he apologised. Small show or big show, a show of his own makes a man.

The next morning Corporal Brown made

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his little army clean their arms, pile an extra row of big stones on the *sangar*, or breastwork, round the trench, and fire some bushes which obstructed the view of "Dog Kopje." They called it that because they had found a dog there.

When the garrison was in order Brown set out with eight water bottles slung over his shoulder, taking cover (for his legs chiefly!) of mimosa scrub and boulders and ant-hills in accordance with the instructions which the captain had often given them.

"I don't seem right to be hiding from a company of Boers," he reflected, "but if I don't get back there's no telling what those chaps will do. I've got my responsibilities." Which was a new view of life to Corporal Brown.

He scrutinised the farm from a clump of trees, and approached it cautiously along a hedge. From the hedge he advanced in extended order to an outhouse. Then he heard a noise in the farm. He became rigid, and raised his rifle steadily. After a few seconds he heard it again. It sounded like a muffled sob. He lowered his rifle, and mopped his forehead.

"Some of the women come back," he muttered, "and found—what we left. I ain't going to face *them*. They've got their feelings the same as other people."

He listened intently, and heard the sound again. Then it rose to a sharp cry.

"Hang me!" he said. "If it isn't a blooming kid. It must have been left behind, and got back to the house!"

He skirmished from the shed to the *stoep*, from the *stoep* to the window, from the window to the door, and from the door to another door. In the kitchen he saw a baby, about two years old, tiptoeing vainly to reach a piece of bread on the dresser. She was a chubby little girl, with big blue eyes and light hair, and the tears had made white tracks down her grubby little face. When she saw him she backed away with her small hands clenched in fright.

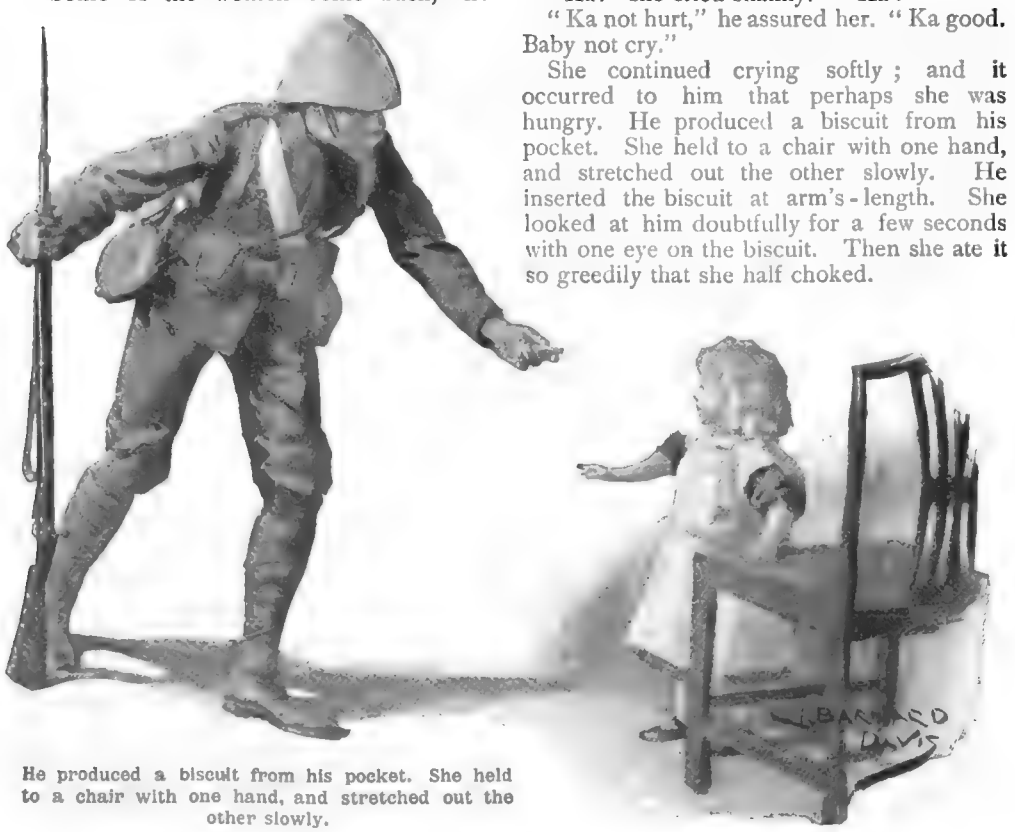
"Ka!" she cried with a gasp. "Ka!" She meant khaki—the Boer term for our soldiers.

"I won't hurt you, baby," he protested with clumsy gentleness; but the child backed further away, till the wall stopped her.

"Ka!" she cried shakily. "Ka!"

"Ka not hurt," he assured her. "Ka good. Baby not cry."

She continued crying softly; and it occurred to him that perhaps she was hungry. He produced a biscuit from his pocket. She held to a chair with one hand, and stretched out the other slowly. He inserted the biscuit at arm's-length. She looked at him doubtfully for a few seconds with one eye on the biscuit. Then she ate it so greedily that she half choked.



He produced a biscuit from his pocket. She held to a chair with one hand, and stretched out the other slowly.

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"Not so fast," he remonstrated, but she finished it rapidly. So he gave her another. He thought that she was probably thirsty, too. He found some milk on the dresser, but it had gone sour. He fetched some water instead. When she had finished the cupful, he wiped her eyes and mouth and gave her another biscuit. She held up her mouth.

"Kus, Ka!" she offered. He kissed her and took her on his knee.

"Poor little girl," he said. "*Poor* little girl!"

The child nestled against him and held his tunic with one hand, while she fed herself with the other. Then she went to sleep, shuddering and catching her breath every few seconds. Each time he drew her a little closer. When she was sleeping soundly he laid her on the sofa, and stretched himself to get the pins and needles out of his arm. Then he went in search of fresh fuel to add to the charred pile against the house. Failing anything better, he tore the paper out of some books and chopped up the kitchen-table and some chairs, and poured a can of oil over the whole. He went to the kitchen and lunched off some dry bread and *biltong*, and a generous dose from the jar watered cautiously. Then he took a look at the child.

"Wonder what kids eat?" he muttered.

He decided upon arrowroot and biscuits, which he accordingly made up in a brown paper bundle and tied on his rifle. Next he went to the jar and filled seven water-bottles. When he came to his own he paused.

"What a kid wants," he pronounced, "is milk. I wonder if I could catch that blooming nannygoat out there?"

He found a large jug and captured the goat in a corner, after a spirited chase. As the milk was more than enough for his bottle, he rinsed out a medicine-bottle and put the rest in that.

"I'll be a regular caravan," he said aloud—the lonely veld gets a man into the habit of talking to himself—"Heaven knows how I'll drag that blessed youngster along. Wake up, baby. Lor! She's a soft little thing. Wake up, baby. *Was* she sleepy? Go ta-ta with Ka."

"Ta-ta Ka," she repeated drowsily. "Kus."

"I'll kus you, you little scamp. Nice milk? Say milk. There's a lady. Is this your hat? Come on. Hold hand."

He marched out with the baby and his load, and lit the fire. She clapped her hands at the flame, and looked back at it regretfully as they departed. Then she began to laugh and jabber things that he did not understand. Then she crooned to herself as she trotted along. Then she wanted to pick a few red marguerites. Then she stopped to play with stones, and then to watch a great green locust. He pretended to run away to entice her along; but she began to cry. So he went back to fetch her.

"You're a blooming young terror," he said gruffly, "that's what *you* are. There, then! Never mind. Kus Ka!"

After about a mile the child began to flag. He sat down under a shady boulder to rest. She kept pleading: "Mak, Ka." He gathered that she meant "Milk, soldier." He gave her some and took a sip himself. He was not greatly interested in milk.

Then they started again. She was inclined to loiter; and when they had gone on for about twenty minutes she stopped determinedly, and held out her arms.

"Ka!" she begged persuasively. "Ka!"

He looked at her ruefully and mopped his forehead. The sun was firing at him point blank.

"Come along, baby," he said. "Come along."

But she clung round his leg and rubbed her cheek against it. So he took her up in his arms and staggered on. At first she seemed a small addition to his burden; then she grew heavy; then she grew heavier. He was bathed in perspiration when he sat down under the scanty shade of a mimosa bush.

"Near five miles to go," he groaned. "I'll have to persuade her along a bit at a time. Hi, baby! Catch Ka."

He enticed her about a mile in twenty instalments. Then she began to whimper. As soon as he took her up she went to sleep. This time she smiled as she slept. She looked very rosy, and she felt very soft. He laid her gently over his shoulder and trudged on.

When he came to a suitable boulder he sat down on it for a few minutes; and when he came to a bush big enough to shade him he sat down on the ground, till the sun sank behind Dog Kopje, and the purple-pink-brown half-light began. Then he kept right on. As he approached the deserted Kaffir huts, about half a mile from the block-house, Macdonald came out.

"It's only me, mate," he called. "Thought I'd come to meet you."

"Why — didn't — you come — further?" Brown grunted. His breath was short.

"Your orders! Hulloa! What the——?"

"Found her—at the—farm."

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Macdonald bent over the sleeping child and touched her gently, as if he doubted her reality.

"I'll carry 'er for a spell," he offered. There was an excited shake in his voice.

"No, you won't. She's mine. You can carry these here." He jerked his head at his load.

"Let's 'old 'er while you take 'em off, mate. I—I'd like to."

Brown put the child in his arms.

"You can have her for a minute," he agreed. "Mind you, I wouldn't let everyone."

Macdonald did not hear him. He was bending over the child and seeing her through a mist in his eyes. No, it was a yellow-haired Scotch baby that he saw—I was away from my little ones in the war, and I know. Perhaps Brown guessed, for he did not demand her back till they were close to the block-house. Williams, who was punctiliously on sentry-go, nearly let his rifle fall with astonishment; and the others, who were playing the inevitable cards, dropped them in the middle of a nap hand. Brown laid the child gently on the "table" of biscuit-boxes.

"Found her at the farm," he explained. "Must have got left behind somewhere about and toddled back to the house, and found—what she found——If we ain't good to her God forgive us!"

Lee's face twitched curiously, and he brushed a curl softly off her forehead.

"An' I 'ope 'E won't," he said slowly, "if we ain't."

"Same to me," Saunders assented.

"An' me," said the rest. Nipper Jones added a bad oath, with good intenion; but Macdonald turned on him.

"Nice langwidge before a child," he said.

"In course," Nipper apologised. "I wouldn't do it, if she was awake—I got a bit of the old lady's chocolate wot I was keepin'. Just do fer *'er*."

"She'll like the pictures out of that paper my sister sent," Smiler remarked. "They ain't *much* tore."

"I used to know a way to make balls out of coloured rag," Murphy observed casually.

"My ole man used to cut pigs out of wood for us, w'en we was kids," Thompson stated. "I'm da—— She ain't awake—I'm blessed if I don't believe I could do it."

"I was thinkin'," Saunders said, "as I could make a sort of puddin' out of that 'ere arrowroot an' milk." He made for the door with these articles. Williams intercepted him.

"Give a chap a chanst," he intreated. "Jest take my rifle while I 'ave a look at the kid. Wot say to wakin' her?"

Lee and Macdonald, who had experience, pronounced against this course; and Brown sent Williams back to his sentry-go. "By rights," he pointed out, "I ought to have you shot for leaving your post, Taffy. Howsomever, you couldn't be expected to hold it under the circumstances."

The rest drew their biscuit-box chairs to the table, and sat in a circle waiting for the baby's eyes to open. They were very quiet, because it is bad for children to be disturbed in their sleep, and they did not smoke because it makes them cough. Just after Saunders came in with the pudding, she roused. Brown sat her up with his arm round her. "Ka—Mac," he introduced, "Ka—Nipper," and so on. The baby stared at them with big, wondering eyes. "Ka," she told Brown, catching on to his sleeve. "Ka!"

"Jest 'ear 'er," said Lee. "Ka, baby, Ka!"

Saunders put some of the hot pudding on a saucer, and they all blew it in turn. She had two spoonfuls. Then she offered one to Brown, who pretended to eat some. She took some more, looking at the others out of the corners of her eyes. Then she offered each a spoonful, and they pretended to eat it. Nipper made out that he was eating some out of the saucer. She hit him with the spoon, and he pretended to cry; and she laughed.

"Yer want to know *'ow* to play with kids," he pointed out with modest triumph. So they all pretended to steal from the saucer, and she repelled them all with the spoon; and they all pretended to cry, and she laughed aloud.

When she had finished she held out her arms to Brown; and he took her on his knee and taught her pat-a-cake; and the others sat round and joined in the instruction. When she grew tired of pat-a-cake they played fox's hole.

Then Smith, who had a voice, sang: "Just One Girl," and Lee jumped her on his knee, and Saunders played ride-a-cock-horse; and Macdonald danced the sword-dance over two rifles in her honour. She joined in their whoops in such a piping treble that he had to stop for laughing; and she tried to lift his legs to set him going again.

She went to them all in turn till she was sleepy. Then she would go to nobody but Brown. He put her to bed on a collection of the softest things they could find. Then

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They all pretended to cry, and she laughed aloud.

they smoked outside and discussed the difficult problem of rearing a child. They concluded in brief that she must be fed and washed, and have a doll, and learn her prayers —if they could remember any. Which is a very good curriculum for a little girl.

Under the administration of .Corporal Brown and Nen, as she called herself (meaning Nellie), the garrison became a model one. Arms and accoutrements were kept smart to satisfy him. Men and clothes were kept smart to make her say "Pitty Ka!" Scouting and looking-out improved on his account, and language on hers.

There was no complaining over the fatigues, because he took a share; and no quarrelling over cards, because she tore so many that they couldn't play. In short, they had a man to work for, and a little girl to teach her prayers; and there is a taste for doing one's duty, even if it be an acquired one.

"This is Nen's show, boys," Brown used to say, "*and it's got to be held,*" and they nodded and patted their rifles with a gleam in their eyes.

She had been in supreme authority for a fortnight, and had learnt twenty-seven words of English (Murphy kept a list), and all their names, and fallen in a puddle four times, and been lost for five minutes once, and had four dolls of sorts, one doll's house (the inevitable biscuit-box), five wooden animals, three rag balls, one see-saw, two Kaffir bracelets, one small chair and table (Williams made them),

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and Brown's watch (it did not go)—when the block-house had to be held.

It was the close of an oppressive day. Macdonald had been fidgety for no apparent reason. He came from an old deer-stalking, man-stalking clan, and had a "war sense." When the sun dropped under a curtain-cloud of many colours, he drew Brown aside.

"There's *something*, mate," he whispered. "I'll take a look round."

He stole craftily into the dark; and Brown posted a second sentry, and made a hollow square of boxes, clothes and bedding as an additional protection for Nen in case of attack; and they played boisterous games quietly. She was asleep when Mac returned.

"Boers in the donga to left of Dog Kopje," he reported. "Where we saw the snake. A hundred or two. Couldn't see to count. They're just movin'."

"Here's our chance, boys," Brown said cheerfully. "Get to your loop-holes. Block up the door—umph! They've cut the telephone wires—lights out. Keep your fire till they're right on us."

There was silence for a quarter of an hour, except for the thunder rolling beyond the hills. Then Thompson suggested a sweep-stake on who saw the Boers first. They agreed to a "bob" apiece. Then there was a further silence. There were several bright flashes of lightning, and the thunder grew nearer. Presently the rain began.

"Wish it 'ud rain whiskey," Taffy observed.

"'Tain't rainin' on *us*," said Murphy, "you bally idiot!"

"None of that," said Brown in a sharp whisper. "There's row enough outside without——"

There was a terrific crash of thunder, and a flash of lightning. One could smell the electricity.

"Eight bob to me," Mac claimed. "Saw 'em by the 'uts."

There was another long silence. The tension could be felt. The rain stopped, and the thunder was further away. At last there was another flash.

"They're this side, too," said Smiler. "By the bushes we fired."

"Keep cool," Brown reminded them. "Wait till they're close—Ssh!"

"See 'em," Mac cried. "Looks as if the dark was wrigglin'. That's them."

Suddenly the darkness seemed to flow forward. There was an almost simultaneous report of eight rifles. Two Boers swayed—clutched at the air—fell. There were flashes all round, and the bullets pattered on the block-house like hot hail.

"Ka!" cried a frightened little voice. "Ka!"

"All right, dear," said Brown. "Ka coming. Mark 'em, boys. Don't cry, there's a good girl. Steady boys."

Nipper uttered a sharp exclamation. "Got me in the right arm," he explained. "D—— Lor', if I didn't forgit she was awake!"

"Ka! Kus, Ka!"

"Go and sit by her, Nipper, old chap."

"Not w'ile I got a arm left."

"Meanin' a left arm," said Smiler; and they laughed hoarsely.

"They're drawing off, boys. Don't fire while they're picking up the wounded."

"Ka!—Ka!—*Ka!*"

"You go and talk to her, Brown," Lee suggested. He had lighted a candle and was kneeling beside Nipper binding up his arm. "She'll take more notice of you—oh!"

There was a loud explosion, and some of the bricks fell down from the wall, and Saunders dropped with a dull thud.

"Pom-pom!" said Taffy. "It'll fetch the place down in time. 'Ow about—*'er?*"

"Ka! *Ka!*"

Lee finished his doctoring and bent over the barricade of boxes to hold her hand. "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man," he said cheerfully. Macdonald took the candle from him and looked at Saunders. One look was enough.

"Want to speak to you," a voice called outside. "Will you not fire? We will not. Come outside."

"Very good," Brown answered. "Give her some of the toffee, Lee. Undo the door. I suppose we're going to chance their blessed pom-pom, chaps?"

There was a murmur of assent, but Macdonald hesitated perceptibly—and everyone noticed it.

"Mac's little 'uns ain't growed up like mine," Lee apologised for him. Mac grunted.

"They've got the same right to expect as I'll do my bit," he said gruffly. "'Tain't myself I'm thinking about. It's Nen."

"Nen," said Brown unsteadily.

"Are you coming?" the Boer leader called. Brown crawled through the partly open door and strode towards him.

"Well?" he asked.

"You cannot fight our gun."

"Very likely not."

"You will surrender?"

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"No. *We* don't care, only—we've got a baby in there. One of your Dutch kids. Found her at the farm over there. I suppose you'll take her before you fire?"

The Boer stroked his long beard.

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes. Give us the block-house and your arms and you shall go."

"No, thanks," said Brown.

The Boer stroked his beard again.

"Bring me the child."

Lee and Macdonald were just finishing dressing her when he got back. Murphy was tying up her dolls and the smaller toys in a towel. Brown took the child and the bundle and placed them in the arms of the Boer.

"Be good girl," he said. "Say prayers. 'God bless Ka.' Kus—take care of her."

The Boer peered at the child. The half moon had come out for a moment between the black clouds.

"It is the niece of Field-Cornet Struben, my wife's brother," he said slowly. "Give up the block-house and you shall keep your arms."

"Thanks," said Brown. "We'll take our chance. Good-bye, little girl." He bent and kissed her again. Then he walked quickly. The child wailed after him.

"Ka!—Ka!"

The candle was out, and the block-house was very silent. Presently Taffy laughed an unmirthful laugh.

"We can swear now the kid's gone," he said. But no one swore. A good habit is nearly as hard to break as a bad one.

They waited for five minutes—ten—fifteen. Then Macdonald spoke suddenly.

"They're going away!" he cried. "Going away!"

They listened and heard a faint rumbling, but they could see nothing in the darkness. They were moving the gun to a better position probably, Lee said. But half-an-hour later the moon came out, and Macdonald distinguished the Boers riding slowly over the top of a distant hill. He caught a glimpse of Brown's face, where a streak of moonlight came through a loophole, and touched his arm.

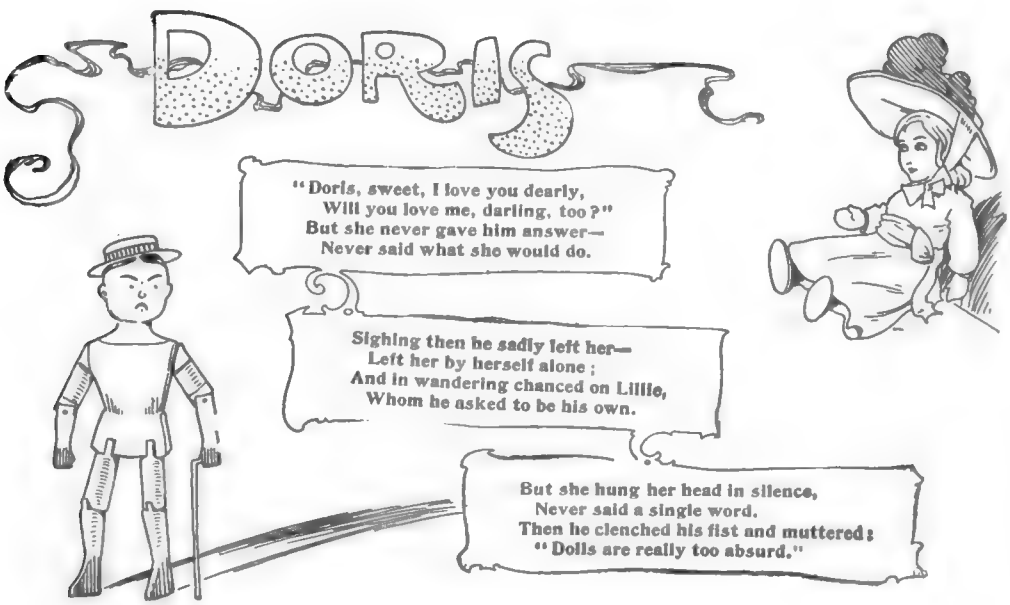
"You was *good* to 'er, mate," he said. "Awful good."

Brown said nothing; only unfastened the door, and walked slowly—very slowly—through the moonlight into the shadow. He would not like us to follow him there.

* * * * *

A year later, when the war was over, Colour-Sergeant Brown took a furlough, and went up the line. He got off at the siding near the old block-house. When he had put a little white cross upon Saunders' grave, he trudged away to Nen's Farm. There was a temporary hut of corrugated iron where the house had been, and a yellow-haired baby girl of three was at the door. She dropped her doll suddenly and ran towards him.

"Ka!" she screamed wildly. "Ka!"


DORIS
"Doris, sweet, I love you dearly,
Will you love me, darling, too?"
But she never gave him answer—
Never said what she would do.
Sighing then he sadly left her—
Left her by herself alone;
And in wandering chanced on Lillie,
Whom he asked to be his own.
But she hung her head in silence,
Never said a single word.
Then he clenched his fist and muttered:
"Dolls are really too absurd."

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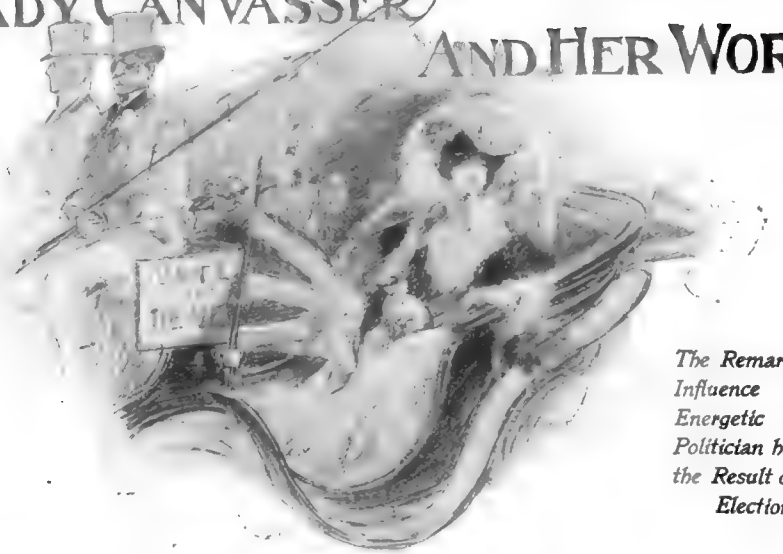
THE LADY CANVASSER AND HER WORK

By . .
Nancy
Dallas



The Remarkable Influence the . Energetic Lady Politician has on the Result of an Election.

Although women have not the privilege of aiding a favourite candidate for a seat in Parliament by their votes, yet their influence upon the verdict of the country at the time of an election is enormous. If it were possible to count up all the votes that have been gained by the good offices of lady canvassers, I think many M.P.'s would be astonished to find how much they owe to the "weaker sex."

As soon as the existing Government seems at all shaky, and the talk of a General Election is in the air, many fair and ardent politicians rouse themselves, and, seizing their most deadly weapons, go forth bravely to do battle for their menkind. And what are their weapons in this case? Amazons, we know, have recourse to spears and shields, and other masculine implements of war—not so the lady canvasser. She knows her strength too well to discard the splendid equipment both for attack and defence with which Nature has provided her. In other words, a woman who wishes to canvass successfully must make herself as charming as possible.

One of the cleverest and most ingratiating canvassers is Lady Grosvenor, the wife of Mr. George Wyndham; and her husband, charming though he is himself, owes a great part of his popularity to her blandishments. Lady Doreen Long, the wife of Mr. Walter Long, is another among the many ladies who have thrown their energies into political fights. No one understands better how to dispel the scruples of doubting or cantankerous voters, and it is not too much to say that she has counted very largely in the career of her husband.

Of course, a certain knowledge and understanding of politics is necessary when soliciting votes, but a well-dressed woman, with a pleasant smile and a tactful manner, will have far more influence than one who is deeply versed in Parliamentary lore.

One lady who won the seat for her husband while he was away at the Front frankly confessed that she knew nothing whatever about politics. All the same, she did not shrink from appearing at meetings and addressing the electors. Her usual plan was to come forward and smile at her audience, informing them that she had no idea what to say.

"But," she would add pathetically, "I am sure you will vote for my husband; you have no idea how good and kind he is!"

This always provoked a perfect roar of delight.

"Three cheers for the lady; we'll vote for him, mum," were the cries that reached her from every side.

From that moment her cause was won. Whenever the canvassers of the other side put in an appearance they were always met with the remark: "Oh, we must give the little woman a chance," and every evening the voters flocked to hear her appeal, and to answer it with reassuring shouts.

Appeals to sentiment are also reinforced very successfully by the charms of music. I know one girl who contrived to sing her

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brother into his seat. She used to get up "social evenings" in the constituency, and treat the public to stirring patriotic songs in a rich contralto voice until her audience were beside themselves with enthusiasm. She soon became so popular that it was scarcely necessary for her brother to make any speeches at all, and he enjoyed such a large share of reflected glory that no one had a chance against him.

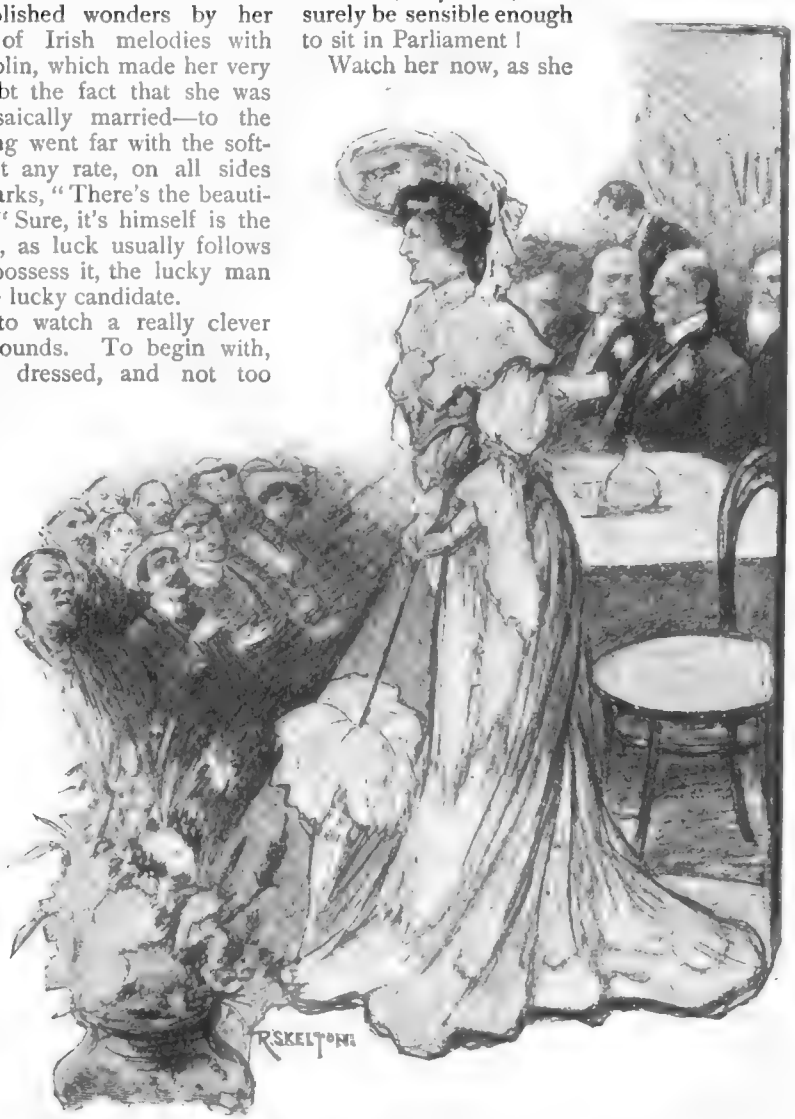
The Irish are particularly easy to win round in this way, being a nation so much more emotional than the English. A girl who was engaged to be married to a candidate for an Irish seat accomplished wonders by her spirited rendering of Irish melodies with variations on the violin, which made her very popular. No doubt the fact that she was engaged—not prosaically married—to the man she was helping went far with the soft-hearted people. At any rate, on all sides were heard the remarks, "There's the beautiful playing!" and, "Sure, it's himself is the lucky man!" And, as luck usually follows those who already possess it, the lucky man turned out to be the lucky candidate.

It is interesting to watch a really clever canvasser on her rounds. To begin with, she is charmingly dressed, and not too simply, either, for it would never do to give the working people the impression that any dress was good enough for them. She leans back gracefully in her carriage, but her face wears an alert expression, as if she were continually watching the crowd on the chance of seizing a doubtful voter and putting an end to his hesitation.

Her horses, carriage, and coachman are gaily decorated with her husband's (the candidate's) colours, and she herself has probably chosen a costume which is in harmony. Her pet dog sits up proudly beside her, likewise decorated, for nothing pleases a crowd so much as a glaringly obvious colour harmony of this kind, which it can cheer or hiss to its heart's content. Her carriage stops at many houses, and, as she has carefully chosen her time, the men of every family are at home.

Who could resist this delightful lady, with her beautiful clothes, her charming smile, and sympathetic interest in all family affairs? Not many, and certainly not those who have been hovering doubtfully between two candidates. A man who has had the sense to marry such a woman, they think, must surely be sensible enough to sit in Parliament!

Watch her now, as she



The would-be M.P.'s wife must not shrink from appearing at meetings, or even addressing the electors.

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A butcher once came up to the hustings and offered to vote for the Tory candidate if the then Duchess of Devonshire would reward him with a kiss. The Duchess promptly descended from the platform and complied with the request, amidst the cheers of the populace.

she kisses that baby, with its sticky mouth and round, staring eyes.

Who shall say that our lady politician is not a heroine?

Probably the most famous electioneering lady in history was Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, who is supposed to have turned the scales at the famous Westminster election by the generosity with which she lavished her political kisses.

Everyone remembers how a butcher came up to the hustings, still dripping from his work at the shambles, and announced that he was ready to vote for the Tory candidate if her Grace would immediately reward him in the usual way. The Duchess was quite equal to the occasion. She came down at once from her seat on the platform and administered a resounding salute to the butcher, amid the plaudits of the populace.

It must not be thought that political work is all fun and merriment for women. A lady of influence, who has been accustomed to be met with much bowing and scraping from her tenants at home when she calls to honour them with presents of jam and judicious advice, is rather taken aback when a door in a slum is slammed in her face, and she is unceremoniously told to get out, or go back to her brats.

She must be always fully prepared to find a free and independent voter seated on the only chair in his room, puffing away at a nauseous pipe, and asking her gruffly what she wants. If she shows annoyance and retires in a huff, her visit will have done more harm than good,

shakes hands with a great workman and then with his wife, who carefully wipes her hands on her apron first; and see how affectionately

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so she must stand humbly before this son of the soil and endeavour to coax and wheedle him to the full extent of her mother wit.

I remember a speech which was delivered by a certain labour member to an audience which comprised a great many women.

"You women," he exclaimed, "I want to have a word with you. When election day comes round, and your bloke comes in and says to you, 'let's have a drop of tea, missis,' what you have got to do is like this: You ask him whether he has been and voted for my friend S——. If he says 'No,' then you says to him, 'Not a bite nor a sup shall you have in this house until you have given your vote like a man for the cause which is the cause of your wife and children just as much as it is your own.' That's one thing you've got to do.

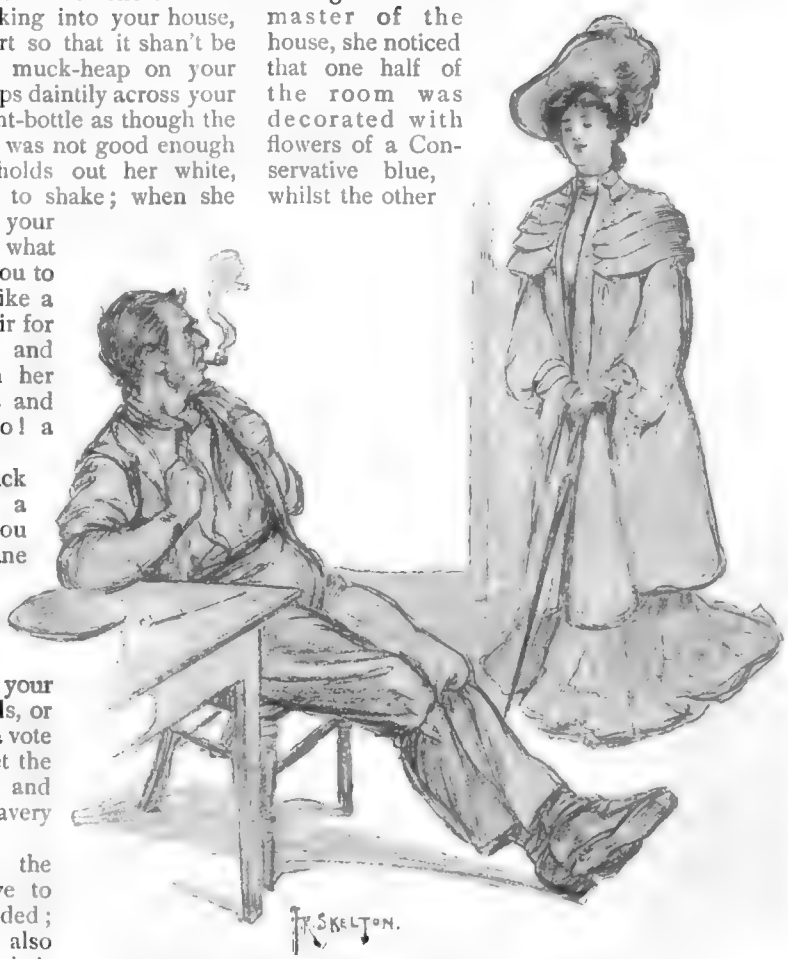
"Now here's another. When one of those fine ladies comes smirking into your house, holding up her silk skirt so that it shan't be contaminated with the muck-heap on your doorstep; when she steps daintily across your floor and sniffs her scent-bottle as though the close air of your room was not good enough for her; when she holds out her white, jewelled hand for you to shake; when she stoops down to kiss your slobbering little kids, what are you to do? Are you to make a deep curtsey like a slave, and polish a chair for her with your apron, and cringe and fawn upon her ladyship while she sits and talks a lot of rot? No! a thousand times no!

"If you have the pluck of a fly; if you have a spark of self-respect, you will stand up to this fine lady, and will say to her: 'You shall not come here to exult over my poverty, or to patronise me with your false humbugging words, or to trick my man out of a vote which would help to set the seal upon the poverty, and degradation, and the slavery of these people.'"

But it is not only the working men that have to be visited and persuaded; well-to-do people have also to be canvassed for their votes, and they are very often far the most difficult to deal with. As a rule, the wives of working-men have no particular opinion on the subject of politics, and do not care which way their husbands vote. But among the educated classes the wives are often very pronounced partisans of one side or the other.

Now it is generally believed that dutiful wives invariably profess the same politics and beliefs as their husbands; but lady canvassers could tell a different tale. If they can only get the men to give their word to vote for them before their wives appear on the scene, they are delighted; but this is not so easy to manage.

A friend of mine, who was canvassing for a Conservative candidate, knocked at the door of a fine house in her district. She was shown into the drawing-room, and whilst waiting for the master of the house, she noticed that one half of the room was decorated with flowers of a Conservative blue, whilst the other



The lady electioneer will meet with many rebuffs. But, above all things, she must never display annoyance, otherwise her visit will do more harm than good to the side she is fighting for.

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half was exclusively Liberal. This pointed plainly to a division in the family; but it would have taxed the astuteness of Sherlock Holmes himself to discover which side of the room belonged to the husband, and which to the wife. This made her feel nervous, as she could not depend in this case on her general air of social superiority, that had imposed so successfully on the poorer people. However, when the gentleman appeared it did not take the visitor long to find out that he was entirely on her side, and she was just taking her leave, thankful to be able to record a vote with so little trouble, when the wife appeared.

Now, the man was a big, mild-mannered person, evidently good tempered and easy going, but the lady had a sharp, intelligent face, and a mouth that expressed "temper." The canvasser braced herself for a battle—and a battle there was! When the wife discovered that her Harry had promised to vote against her, her annoyance was great. She proceeded to display a knowledge of the ins and outs of the politics of the moment to which the canvasser could by no means lay claim.

"It is infamous," she concluded, "that the women of our country should have no chance of expressing their opinions except in this way," and she waved a scornful hand towards her floral decorations.

And now the canvasser displayed the strategy of a born general. She had really no idea what opinion the man she was supporting held on the subject; but, "As to that," she said boldly, "my candidate is ready to support the question of Women's Suffrage whenever it is raised in Parliament."

The wife wavered, and her husband saw it. "There, my dear," he said mildly, "if I vote for this fellow you may have a vote yourself at the next election."

"Oh, very well," returned his better half. And the canvasser went forth triumphant!

One of the great trials of the serious lady canvasser is the frivolous butterfly of a woman, who undertakes to help during an election because she thinks it will be "fun." When she finds that she is really expected to work unceasingly, and to make herself sympathetic and agreeable to all kinds of people about whom she cares nothing, or whom she positively dislikes, the "fun" vanishes from the whole affair, and she makes some stupid excuse to get out of it.

Now this simply drives the more earnest workers to the verge of despair. As one most feelingly told me: "Back come, at the last moment, little heaps of undone work from canvassers who had taken cold, or lost a mother-in-law, or were obliged to go to the theatre (!), and therefore have failed in what they had undertaken. Oh, the rush of those last two days before the election! Oh, the courage and cheeriness of the faithful workers who can be daunted by nothing, but who clear the hall table of the returned packets, distribute them, and come back again and again to the charge!"

The moral of this is—never, if you wish to keep your friends, undertake to help at an election, unless you are fully prepared to work unceasingly, and to give up all idea of amusements until the candidate for whom you are canvassing has lost or won.

As might be supposed, the woman who is endeavouring to catch votes for her husband, or some near relation, is the most energetic worker. Mr. Justice Darling, when he stood for Deptford, owed much of his success to the energy of his wife. She was perfectly indefatigable, attending public functions, opening bazaars, and making herself agreeable to all sorts and conditions of voters. I remember being told by one of the chief organisers on the other side that she actually came to him one day and said, "Now, Mr. So-and-so, I want to ask you as a particular favour to give your vote and influence to my husband."

"But," he replied in amazement, "you must know that that is quite out of the question. I am working as hard as I can for his opponent, and I could not turn round suddenly like this."

"Oh, why not?" she replied with a smile, "I am sure you cannot refuse me. I know I am asking a very great favour, but I shall be enormously grateful if you see your way to granting it."

In telling this story, my friend remarked with a smile that the lady was so charming and ingratiating that really for a moment he felt the most awful beast, because he did not see his way to throw over his party and principles at her request.

It would not surprise me if, as a matter of fact, ladies really accomplish more at elections by buttonholing voters and exercising their persuasive powers on them, than they do by condescending to arguments. Dr. Johnson once remarked somewhat brutally that a woman preaching reminded him of a dog walking about on its hind legs. "Sir," said he, "I do not admire the dog for the grace of its bearing, but I am ready to admit surprise that he can do the thing at all."

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Of course, I do not agree with this remark, for I have heard many women speak far more lucidly and convincingly than the average man. And a woman is generally very good at argument, because she always insists upon having the last word. But when she engages upon an argument, however well primed with facts and figures she may be, she is coming down from her pedestal and meeting her adversaries on equal terms.

All kinds of devices have to be resorted to in dealing with obstinate cases. I remember one election when a certain man declared very loudly that he would have nothing to do with either candidate. As he had a good deal of influence in the neighbourhood, many efforts were made on both sides to bring him round, but all to no purpose.

"Leave him to me," said a fascinating lady, "I will manage him." Accordingly she mounted her motor-car and started out gaily for a drive. Strangely enough, when they were just opposite the home of the non-voter, the car suddenly came to a standstill, and it seemed impossible to go on. With many exclamations of annoyance, the lady dismounted and knocked at the cottage door. It was about eleven in the morning, and the wife only was at home. However, she was amiable enough, and willingly offered a seat in her kitchen while the repairs were going on. For a whole hour the canvasser sat there winning golden opinions by her sympathetic interest in the children, the cooking of the dinner, and the household management generally. All this time the word election was not even mentioned.

When the husband returned for his dinner he stopped speechless with rage to see one of the hated canvassers in the kitchen, but before he could protest the lady rose, with many expressions of thanks, and remarked that she was sure that her car was now all right.

"I am one of those dreadful electioneering people," she said, "whom you hate so much. I suppose it is no use asking you for a vote—but, no, it would be too bad after your wife's kindness."

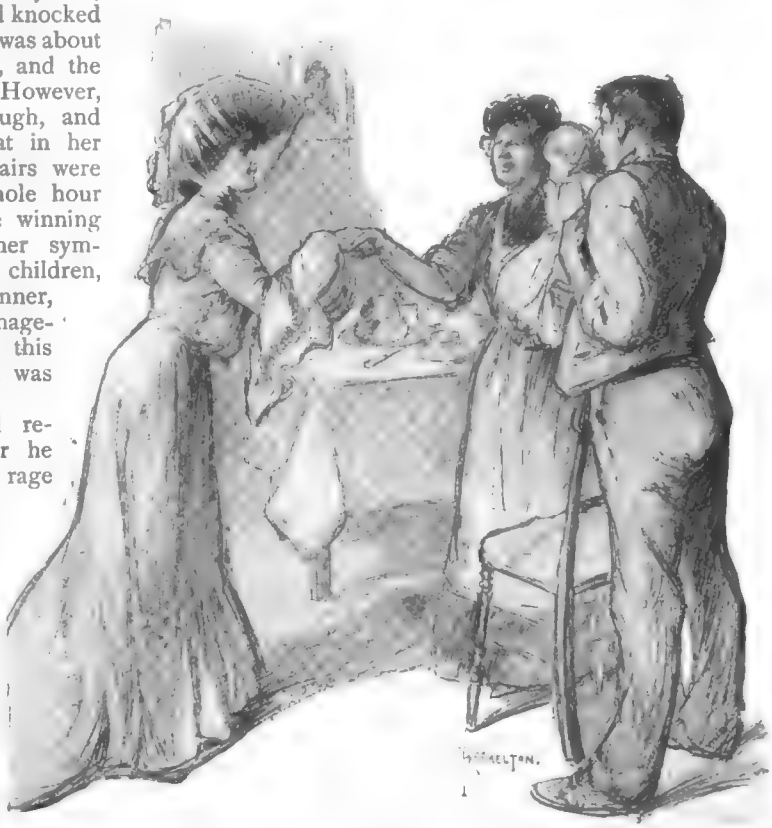
So off she went, without another word about politics, but, of course, she won the day, and that one conquest was worth more to her party than two days' work elsewhere.

Some of the voters are appallingly ignorant. They seem to be quite indifferent as to whether Liberals or Conservatives are in power, and have the vaguest ideas as to the meaning of these names. These kinds of people are ready to promise a vote to anyone who gets hold of them, but the great thing is to make them stick to their word at the last moment, for they are always liable to be influenced by whoever is talking to them.

A canvasser told me that once, as she was leaving a house where she felt she had been particularly successful, she turned to the man, saying engagingly, "And you will vote for Mr. G——, won't you?"

The man looked slightly surprised, and then said firmly: "Oh, no, Miss, I wouldn't think of it."

"You won't? Oh, why not?" exclaimed



A woman can win many votes for her husband by visiting the working class constituent.

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the poor canvasser, who had been working hard, and really had felt rather triumphant over this particular conquest.

"Why, Miss, I shall vote for you, of course," was the fervent reply.

When it was explained to him that ladies, however charming, could not enter Parliament, he said doggedly, "Well, all I can say is, that you deserve to, Miss!"

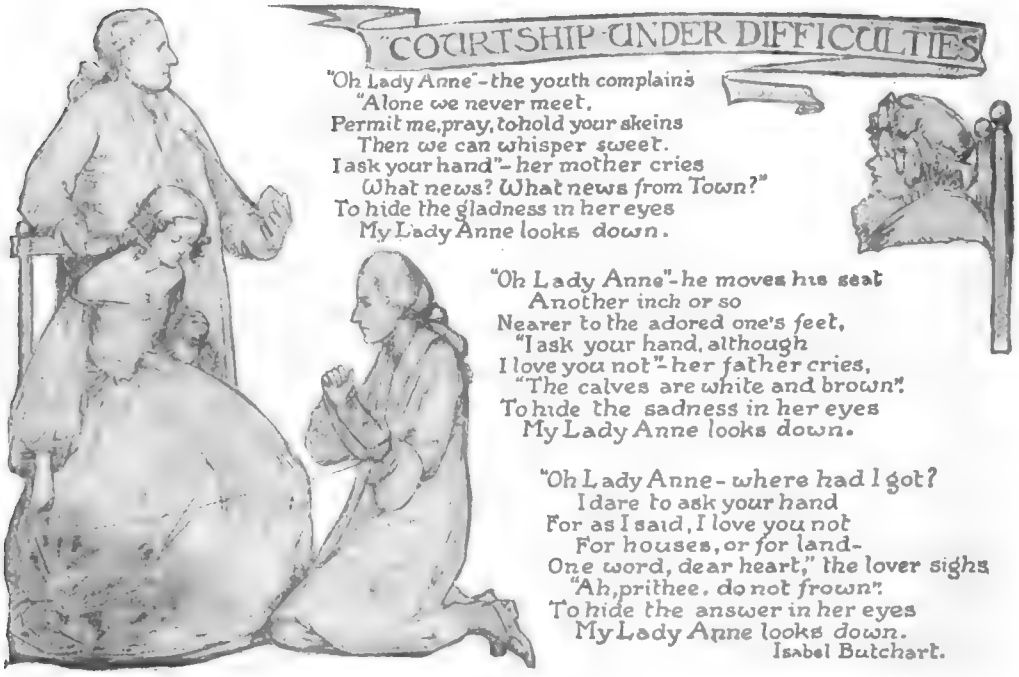
My friend then discovered that he was firmly convinced that all members of Parliament made, or were paid thousands per annum, by virtue of their position. At last, however, he understood, and promised to vote for Mr. G——.

Nowadays the wives of the would-be members do not always actually canvass; they rely more on their powers of amusing or interesting the voters by means of entertainments and public speeches. There is no one so delightful to listen to as a really clever woman who is also a good speaker. The soft, penetrating voice, the clear enunciation, the easy manner, are so many separate charms, and add to these an astonishing grasp and knowledge of the subject in question, and a perfect understanding of the point of view of the people addressed, and you have a woman who is not easy to resist, and who will probably be more than half responsible for her son's, or her husband's success.

For instance, at the time of the Home Rule campaign, the late Lady Tweedmouth, then Lady Fanny Marjoribanks, showed particular talent and persuasiveness on behalf of her husband.

Lady Warwick at one time went in very zealously for politics, but has now taken up questions of social interest. Mrs. George Cornwallis West (formerly Lady Randolph Churchill), one of the founders of the Primrose League, used also to be very active at the time of her husband's meteoric career. Then, for a time after his death, she withdrew altogether, but now she has resumed operations with all her old vigour on behalf of her son.

All this goes to prove that English women can and do take a large share in the formation of the government of their country, in spite of the fact that voting is denied to them. I wish I could think that those members of Parliament who have won a hotly-contested seat would always be ready to acknowledge the valuable assistance they have received from their wives, sisters, or *fiancées*—but I am afraid they will be only too ready to attribute their success to their own unaided efforts!


COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES
"Oh Lady Anne"-the youth complains
"Alone we never meet,
Permit me, pray, to hold your skeins
Then we can whisper sweet.
I ask your hand"-her mother cries
What news? What news from Town?"
To hide the gladness in her eyes
My Lady Anne looks down.
"Oh Lady Anne"-he moves his seat
Another inch or so
Nearer to the adored one's feet,
"I ask your hand, although
I love you not"-her father cries,
"The calves are white and brown".
To hide the sadness in her eyes
My Lady Anne looks down.
"Oh Lady Anne-where had I got?
I dare to ask your hand
For as I said, I love you not
For houses, or for land-
One word, dear heart," the lover sighs
"Ah, prithee, do not frown".
To hide the answer in her eyes
My Lady Anne looks down.
Isabel Butchart.

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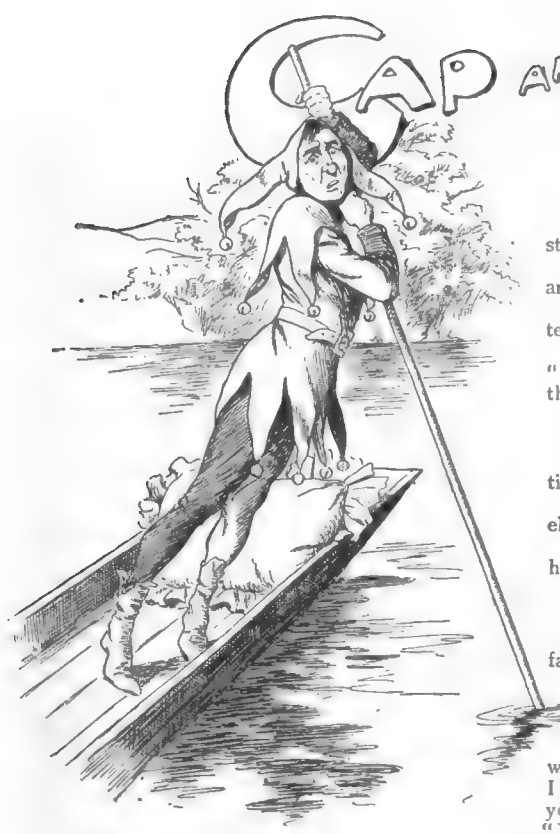
Cap and Bells



AN OBJECT LESSON.

MR. CITIMAN (reading): "The widow of that bank manager who was killed in the railway smash has been awarded ten thousand pounds damages."

MRS. CITIMAN: "There—and I've been vainly trying to induce you to move to the suburbs for years, you mean thing!"

* * * * *

FAVOURITE FRUIT.

"My favourite fruit? Why, don't you know?"
I caught her lips in coy salute;
"Cherries!" I cried. "And there they grow,
My favourite fruit!

"Cherries all ripe and red to boot,
Choicest of gifts the gods bestow.
Cherries were aye my favourite fruit!"

"And mine——?" she turned with cheeks aglow—
Lovely those cheeks, beyond dispute—
***"Medlar!"* she cried. "Henceforth be thou**
My favourite fruit!'

R. A. HAMBLIN.

* * * * *

A DISTURBER.

"What a nice little boy," said the minister, who was making a call. "Won't you come and shake hands, my son?"

"Naw," snapped the nice little boy.

"My gracious! Don't you like me?"

"Naw! I had ter git me hands an' face washed jist because you come."

POOR CONSOLATION.

"Sir," exclaimed the injured party, "you stuck your umbrella into my eye."

"Oh, no," replied the cheerful offender, "you are mistaken."

"Mistaken?" demanded the irate man. "I tell you, I know when my eye is hurt."

"Doubtless," replied the cheerful fellow, "but you don't know my umbrella. I borrowed this one from a friend to-day."

* * * * *

HIS WAR RECORD.

"I was in charge of a squad of men several times during the war."

"Commanding them on some special detail, eh?"

"No, I was being taken by them to the guard-house."

* * * * *

FULL OF WISDOM.

"I'm afraid you're not very wise," said the fair girl.

"Why?" demanded the persistent suitor.

"Because a word to the wise is sufficient, and I have said 'No' to you."

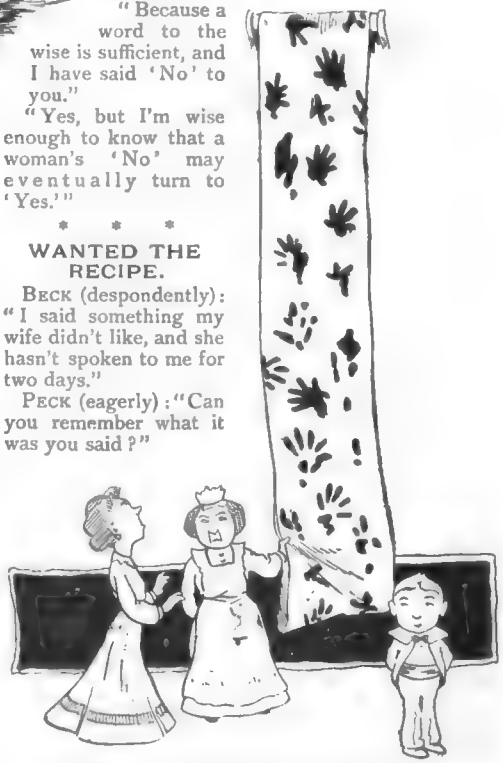
"Yes, but I'm wise enough to know that a woman's 'No' may eventually turn to 'Yes.'"

* * *

WANTED THE RECIPE.

BECK (despondently): "I said something my wife didn't like, and she hasn't spoken to me for two days."

PECK (eagerly): "Can you remember what it was you said?"



Fond Mother: "Are Johnnie's hands clean?"
Nurse: "They ought to be. Look at the towel!"

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ALL WAS LOST.

"What's the matter?" inquired Friendly. "What are you searching your pocket for?"

"I tied a knot in my handkerchief this morning," said the absent-minded man, "to remind me of something I was to get for my wife. And now I can't find the handkerchief."

* * * *

FROM A NOVEL.

A novelist referring to his hero, says:—

His countenance fell.
His voice broke.
His heart sank.
His hair rose.
His eyes blazed.
His words burnt.
His blood froze.

It is stated, however, that he was able to brace himself together and marry the girl in the last chapter.

* * * *

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"Excuse me," said the conductor of the amateur musical society, "but why do you always prefer the first seat in the orchestra?"

"Well," replied the young man in glasses, "I take great interest in the first row of the chorus."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I am a book-keeper, and I like to see if the figures are correct."

* * * *

WRITING FOR A LIVING.

FARMER GILES: "What does your boy do in London?"

FARMER HAYSTACK: "He writes."

FARMER GILES (sarcastically): "For fun or for money?"

FARMER HAYSTACK (sheepishly): "Always for money when he writes to me."

* * * * * *

NOT A TUNE AT ALL.

"I admired that last piece you played, Professor, immensely," said Mrs. Gaswell. "It had a kind of wild freedom about it, you know, a sort of feeling of wanting one to get up and go that just suited me. Was it a composition of your own?"

"Madame," frigidly responded the eminent musician, who had been hired for the occasion. "I was putting a new E string on my violin."

ADVICE TO BE ACTED ON.

"Really, Mr. Hansom," said the fair girl, "I'm shocked to hear you confess such behaviour in your business dealings. You should always 'do unto others as you would have others do unto you.'"

"You wouldn't have me do that always?"

"Certainly, I would," she replied. "Always."

"All right. Here goes!" he cried; and he kissed her.

* * * *

PENALTIES OF WEALTH.

"Wealth has its penalties," said the philosopher.

"Yes," answered Mr. Nooriche. "It's pretty hard for a man to have to go guessing through a French menu when he would rather have roast beef and potatoes."

* * * *

HE WAS EXCUSED.

GENERAL: "I am afraid your men are not good marksmen. I told you to shoot directly at the hearts of the enemy, and you seemed to be aiming for their faces."

CAPTAIN (quickly): "Well, bedad, General, we knew that they wor such cowards thor hearts would be in thor mouths."

* * * *

HE COULD BE SEEN.

PHILANTHROPIST: "How is your husband now, Mrs. Sikes?"

MRS. SIKES: "I am sorry to say, sir, he is confined to his room."

PHILANTHROPIST: "Could I see him?"

MRS. SIKES: "Possibly, sir, if you applied at the County Prison."

* * *

DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

CLARA: "Do you know, Maud, Mr. Smithers paid me a great compliment last night?"

MAUD: "No, what did he say?"

CLARA: "He said I was among the prettiest girls at the party."

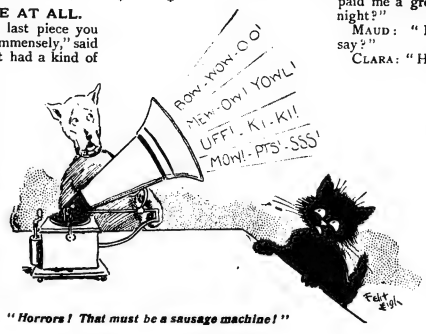
MAUD: "Yes, I noticed you were standing among them."

* *

WITHOUT VARIATION.

HE: "They say a man has seven ages."

SHE: "Women are more stable. They have one age and stick to it."



"Horrors! That must be a sausage machine!"

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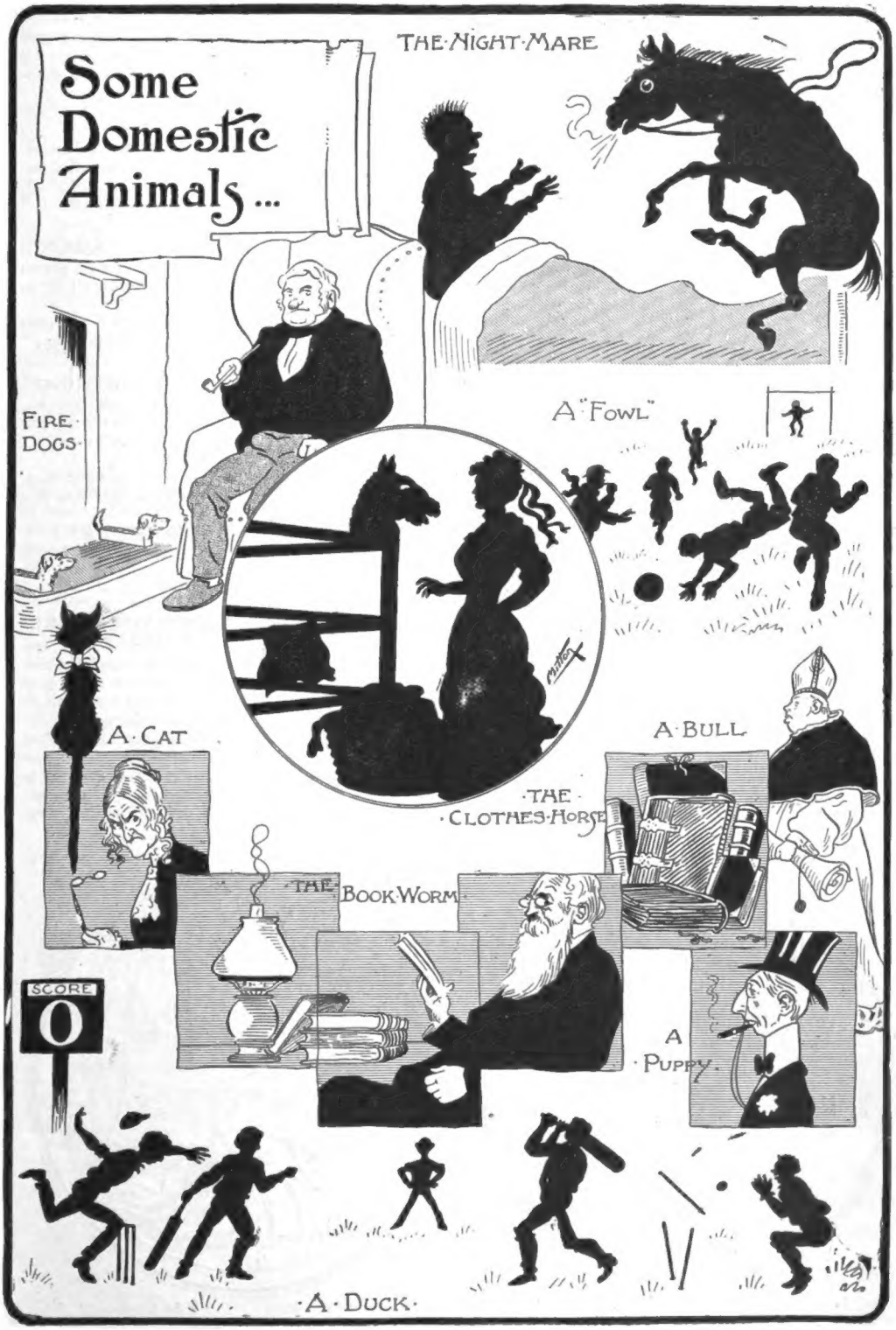

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NO LACK OF LOVERS.

"Hear me!" sighed Romeo Centipede. "Does not your heart melt at seeing me at your feet?"

"Well, you see," coyly answered Juliet Centipede, "there are forty-nine others wooing me at my ninety-eight other feet."

* * * *

KNEW THE DOCTOR.

"I hear you're dissatisfied with your doctor's bill."

"Yes. I don't think he's entitled to £10 for that operation."

"Why not?"

"Because if he was he'd claim more."

* * * *

OBEYING ORDERS.

ERNESTINE: "What do you mean by coming to see me in motor goggles?"

JACK: "Sh! Your father told me never to show my face round here again."

* * * *

THOUGHT OF APPEARANCES.

"He's very fond of her, isn't he?"

"Well, really, I don't think he's as fond of her as he is fond of having people remark that he is fond of her."

* * * *

NECESSARY SOMETIMES.

HELEN HYLER: "Don't you think it very bad form for a man who is calling on a young lady to sit down before she does?"

JACK LEVER: "Certainly; but under some circumstances he has to!"

Little Tommy and his younger sister were going to bed without a light. They had just reached the bottom of the stairs, when Tommy, after vainly endeavouring to pierce the darkness, turned round and asked:—

"Ma, is it polite for a gentleman to precede a lady when they have to walk in single file?"

"No, my son," replied the Mother, "the lady should always take the lead."

"I thought so!" said Tommy delightedly, "Go ahead, Sue!"

NO PLEASURE IN IT.

MRS. CHASE: "Oh, I don't care about Joblotz and Remnant's. It's so unsatisfactory to do your shopping there."

MRS. SHOPPEN: "Why, they sell everything!"

MRS. CHASE: "That's just it. No matter what you ask for, they can suit you right off. What's the fun in that?"

* * *

SOMETIMES A FAILURE.

"There's nothing like perseverance; it's bound to tell in the long run."

"Not always. Did you ever see a hen on a porcelain egg?"

* * *

CAUGHT SOMETHING.

"I thought we were guaranteed a right to the pursuit of happiness?"

"Well?"

"Well, I pursued happiness into the club last night."

"Did you catch it?"

"I did when I got home."

* *

COMPARING THEIR HUSBANDS.

MRS. TRUIT: "My husband is a sort of Jack of all trades; he can do almost anything."

MRS. GAYBOY: "And mine is a sort of Jack of clubs; he belongs to fifteen different societies, and can do almost anybody."

Frog: "I hope mamma sewed on that trouser button all right!"

Master of the Ring: "Don't be frightened, Mr. Fly; even if you slip, you'll only fall into my net!"

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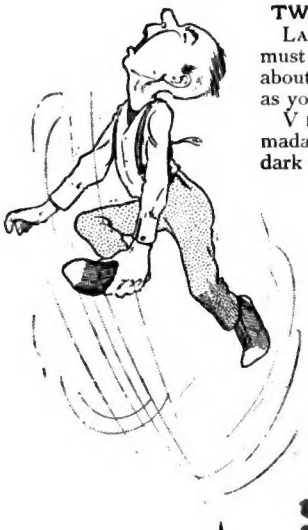


One swallow doesn't make a summer, but one tin-tack will make one spring if you step on the business end of it

AN AWARD FOR THE FRAME.

"I am glad you saw my painting," said D'Auber. "I tell you I am proud of that honour."

"What honour?" inquired Dumley.

"Didn't you see the label—'honourable mention'—on it?"

"Not on your painting. That was on the frame."

* * *

NOT GOOD ENOUGH

EMPLOYER: "See here, sir! When I employed you, you promised to give me your very best work."

EMPLOYEE (indignantly): "And I assure you, sir, I have been doing as I agreed."

EMPLOYER: "That's just what I feared. Your best isn't good enough, and you may consider yourself at liberty."

* * * * *

NOT MEANT TO BE HEARD.

TEACHER: "Who was that who laughed aloud?"

PUPIL: "I did, sir; but I didn't mean to do it."

TEACHER: "You didn't mean to do it?"

PUPIL: "No, sir. I laughed in my sleeve, and I did not know that there was a hole in my elbow."

* * * * *

SHE WAS CAUTIOUS.

"So you have decided to break your engagement with him?"

"Yes," she returned thoughtfully, "but I don't think I shall do it till after my birthday, which comes next week."

TWO SIDES TO IT.

LADY: "I always think it must be delightful to travel about and play at concerts as you do."

VIOLINIST: "Yes, madam; only there are two dark sides to the business: we travel in order to play at concerts, and we have to play at concerts to enable us to travel!"

* * *

You don't get much enjoyment out of a fad if others don't notice it.

Old Lady (in shocked tones to youthful smoker): "Wouldn't your father be dreadfully pained if he saw you?"

Youthful Smoker: "I rather think he would! This is one of his best cigars!"

HE HAD TO HURRY.

"I should like to kiss you!"

The soft moon rose up slowly; but she (the pretty maiden) made no response. The wavelets broke in silver ripples at their feet, and far over the moonlit waters they could see the lights of a huge steamer, a modern leviathan of the deep, sweeping through the night with its freight of precious lives.

It was nine o'clock!

Long the young man looked into her half-averted face, his heart was in his eyes, and his soul exulted in her wonderful beauty. He whispered it again:

"I should like to kiss you!"

It was now ten o'clock.

The soft moon still rose up slowly; but she (the maiden) made no response. The silver ripples were still breaking in the same way, but the leviathan of the deep had probably made port.

"I should like to kiss you!"

It was now half-past ten.

"Well," and a look of resolve settled on her beautiful features, "I promised mamma that I'd be in by twelve, and I'm going to keep my promise."

* * *

THE MODERN MOTHER.

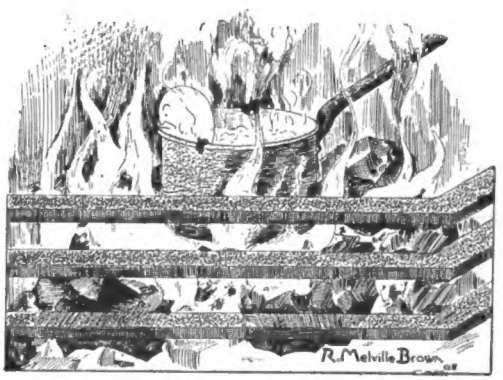
MR. DE FASHION: "Why did you discharge that nurse-girl?"

MRS. DE FASHION: "She kicked poor little Fido just for biting the baby."

* * *

BABIES ALL ALIKE.

We are generally so carried away by the last words of famous personages that we never pause to reflect that the first words of these same heroes were "goo, goo, goo."



AS CONSOLATION.

Egg: "I'm getting jolly tired of being in hot water, I can tell you."

Egg-Pan: "Oh, cheer up, my boy! You'll get hardened to it!"

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPELT.

MOST of you know that Americans spell many words differently from us—words such as "honour," which they spell without a "u," "theatre" with an "er" instead of an "re," "travelled with one "l," and so on. Now, it's a strange fact that such spelling is a red rag to most Englishmen. Why? Really I can't for the life of me imagine. For I am an exception to the rule, though as good an Englishman as any of you. I think, on the whole, that Yankee spelling is improved spelling simply because it is more logical.

The "u" in honour is not pronounced—why use it? I would do away with the "h" if I had my own way. The same argument applies to the other words I have instanced. America spells them (and many others) as they are pronounced, and I hold America to be right and would follow America's lead in this direction—if you would allow me to. But the moment I permit an American spelt word to appear in cold print I am bombarded with indignant protests from all parts of the country. One outraged correspondent accused me of being *unpatriotic* because I spelt grey with an "a"!

A SCORE FOR THE BRITON.

I was the Briton in question, so I tell the story with relish. An American was one day "chipping" me unmercifully about what he was pleased to term my "old-fashioned prejudices" with regard to English spelling. I had no very striking defence or counter attack ready until he said:

"It seems to me simple and logical—spell as you pronounce!"

"But you don't do it yourself," I retorted.

"I? What d'you mean?"

"Why," I explained, "take the word American. You spell it A-m-e-r-i-c-a-n, and pronounce it Amurrican."

And he promptly shut up, for he knew that his Yankee twang was a thing which could almost be felt and seen.

CAMPING OUT.

Last month an article appeared in the ROYAL full of useful hints on "How to Camp Out." Last summer the author of the article very kindly invited me to spend a day or two at his camp on the river Stour, in Suffolk, in order to test the efficacy of his methods. I went and saw and was convinced that his ideas for living like a vagabond were very enjoyable—in fine weather. It was positively exhilarating to mess about in pyjamas and without shoes and stockings on, and to sleep on an oil cloth spread over the bare ground, provided the bare ground was not too thickly strewn with stones.

I am happy to say that all went off well enough the first night. I was disturbed at first with something hard—a stone, I imagined, which persistently seemed to thrust its way into my ribs. Afterwards I discovered it to be my pipe, which I left in the pocket of my great coat, and the great coat was serving as a mattress. The second night it came on to rain, and when my host and his friends awoke in the morning—the Editor of the ROYAL was not to be found. Mindful of rheumatism and other ills the flesh is heir to he had quietly crept out of the tent, when the others were asleep, and made a bee-line for the nearest inn.

Nevertheless, I can thoroughly recommend camping out. I had, on the whole, a very enjoyable time.

"OWING TO LACK OF SPACE"

Readers of this Number no doubt miss that by now familiar feature, "The World Through Other Eyes." I had in preparation a singularly interesting article on the motor racer's "point of view," by Mr. Cecil Edge, the brother of our most famous motorist, and hardly less famous than he. But lack of space compels me to postpone publication until next month. Well, they say that pleasure anticipated is even more satisfactory than pleasure realised, so I congratulate you on this old editorial excuse—lack of space!

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